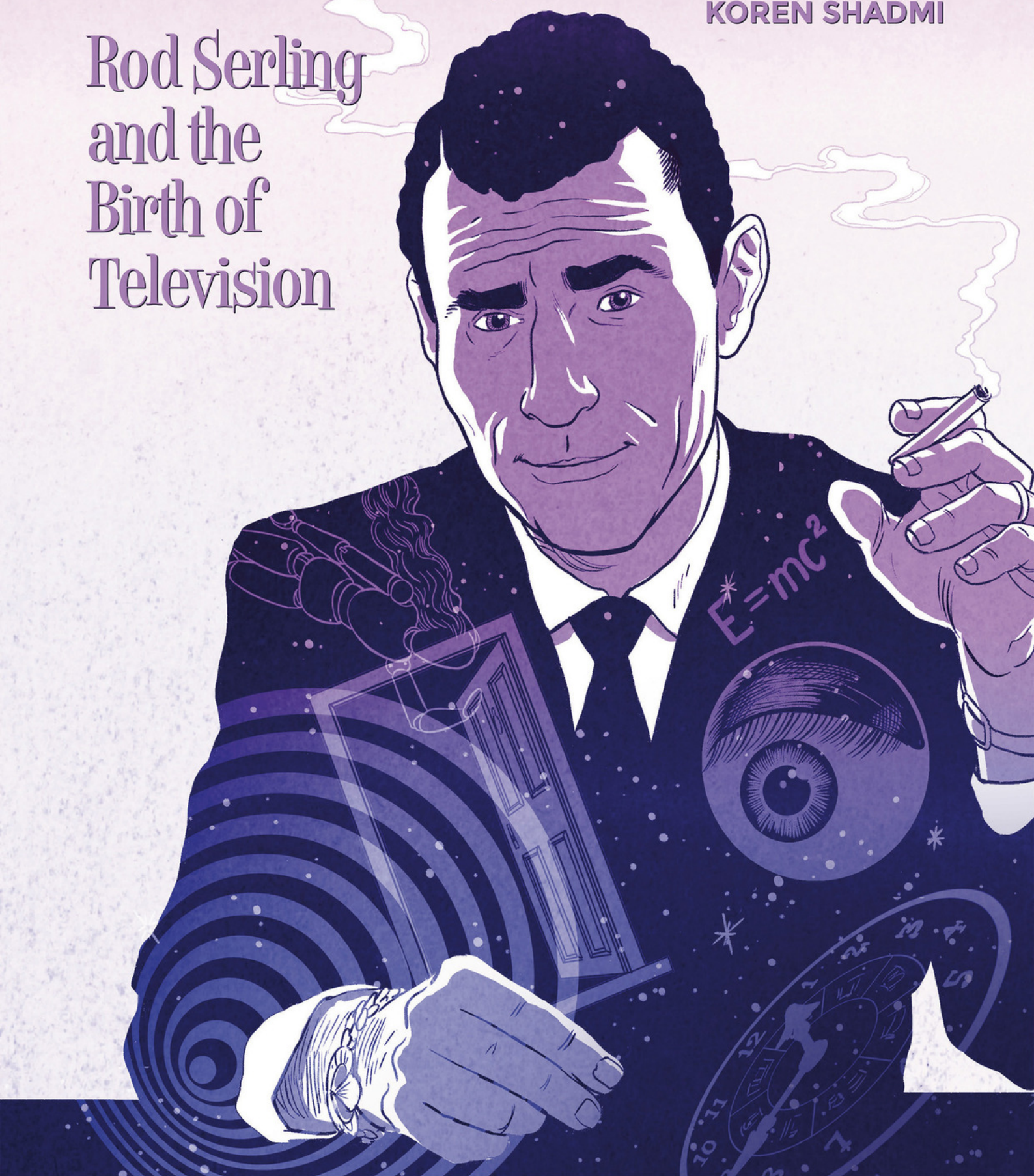


# The TWILIGHT MAN

KOREN SHADMI

Rod Serling  
and the  
Birth of  
Television





# The TWILIGHT MAN

KOREN SHADMI

Rod Serling and the Birth of Television



*Life Drawn*



Koren Shadmi

Story & Art



AndWorld Design

Letterer



Fabrice Sapolsky

Editor

Amanda Lucido

Assistant Editor

Jerry Frissen

Senior Art Director

Fabrice Giger

Publisher

Rights and Licensing - [licensing@humanoids.com](mailto:licensing@humanoids.com)  
Press and Social Media - [pr@humanoids.com](mailto:pr@humanoids.com)

Dedicated to Aviv Shadmi.

The author would like to thank  
Mary Abramson, Arlen Schumer,  
Ido Fluk and Yaron Kaver.

THE TWILIGHT MAN

This title is a publication of Humanoids, Inc. 8033 Sunset Blvd. #628, Los Angeles, CA 90046.  
Copyright © 2019 Humanoids, Inc., Los Angeles (USA) & Koren Shadmi. All rights reserved.  
Humanoids and its logos are ® and © 2019 Humanoids, Inc. Library of Congress Control Number: 2019907936

Life Drawn is an imprint of Humanoids, Inc.

No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means without the express written consent  
of the copyright holder except for artwork used for review purposes. Printed in Latvia.





# PART I





ASK ME A YES  
OR NO QUESTION  
\* Does He/She Love Me?  
\* Will I Become Rich?  
\* Is My Future Bright?

1¢ MYSTIC  
SEER  
①

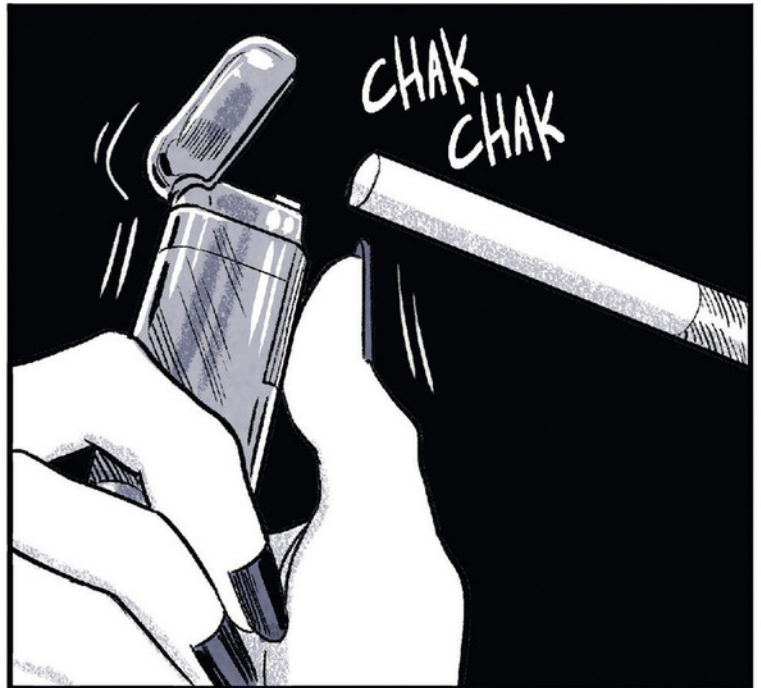
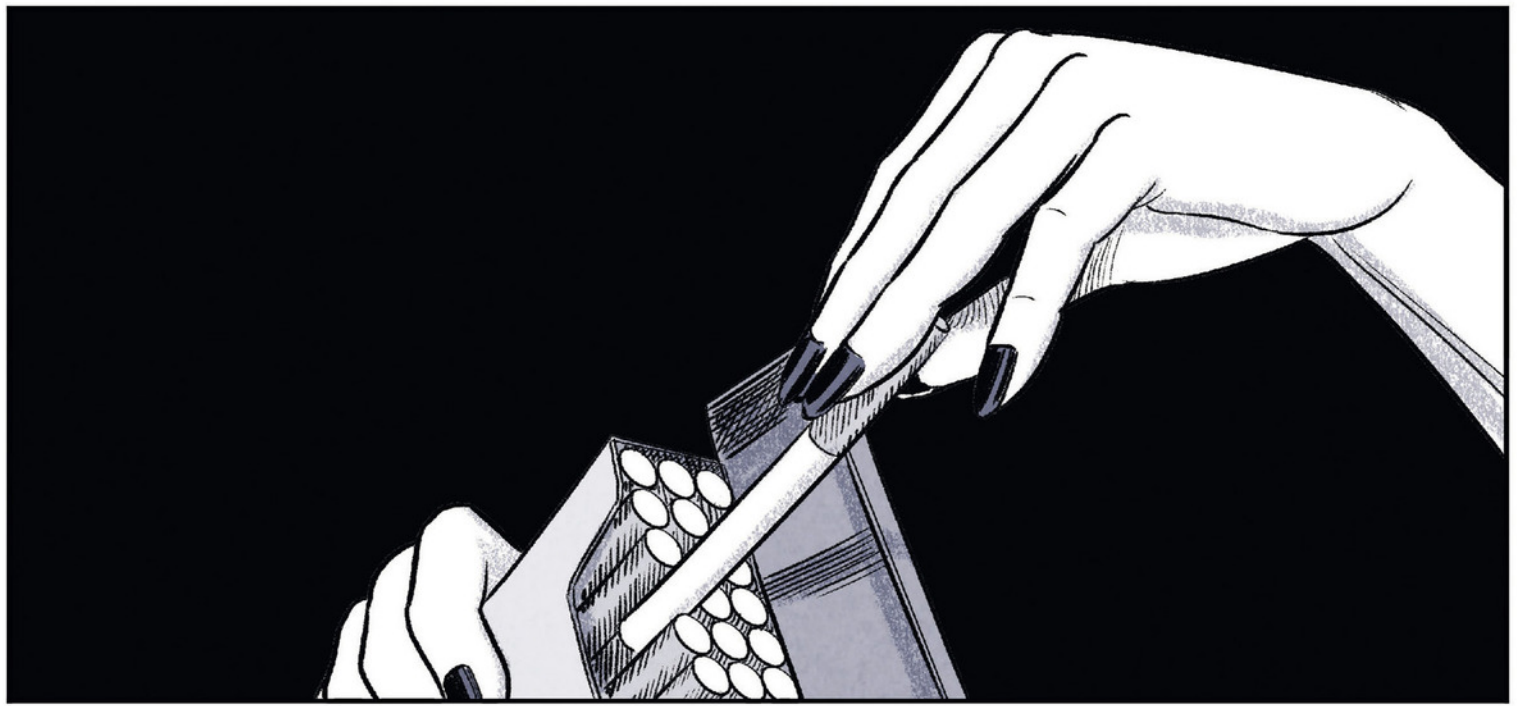
ASK ME A YES  
OR NO QUESTION  
\* Does He/She Love Me?  
\* Will I Become Rich?  
\* Is My Future Bright?

1¢ MYSTIC  
SEER  
①





















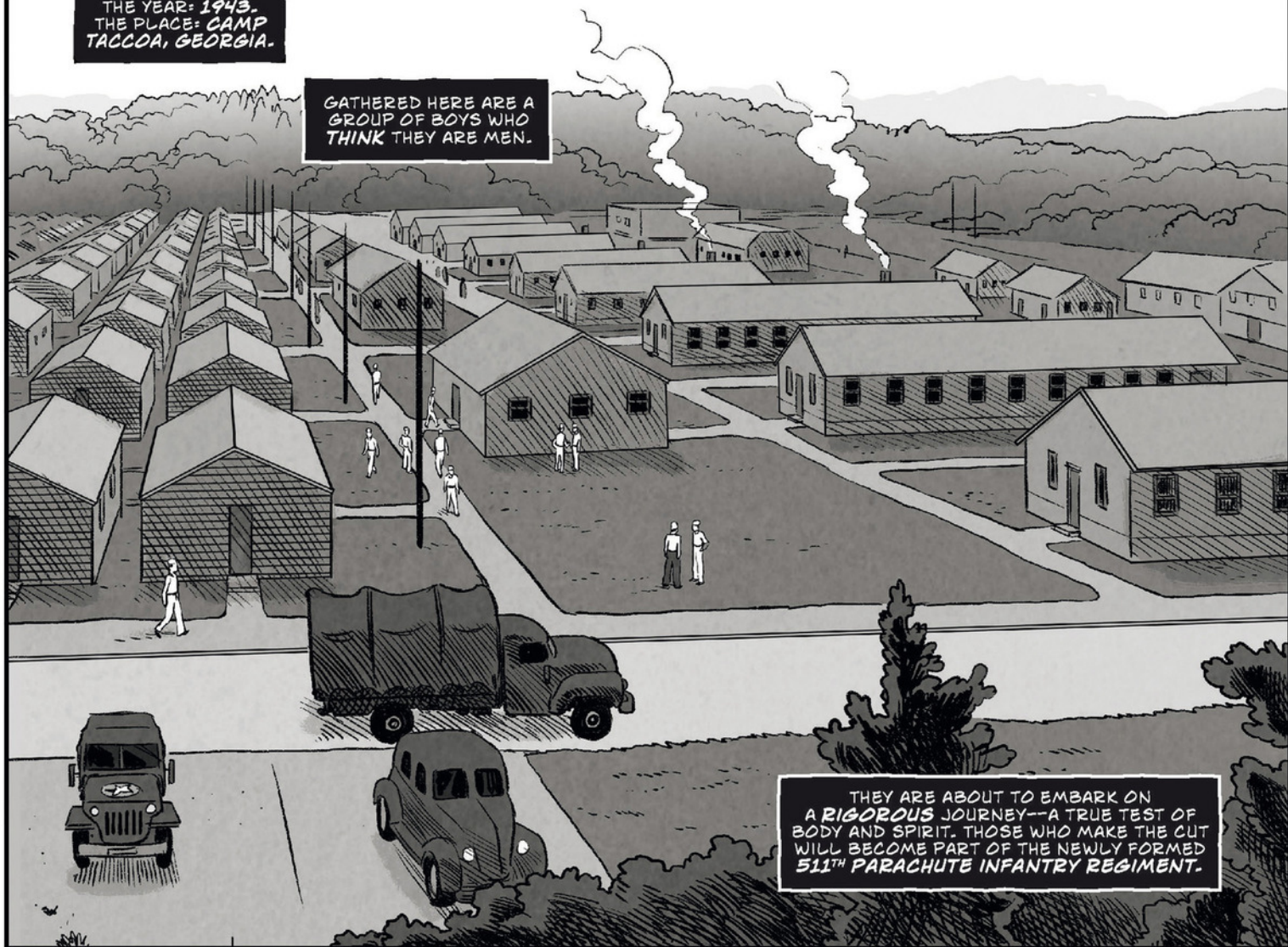






THE YEAR: 1943.  
THE PLACE: CAMP  
TACCOA, GEORGIA.

GATHERED HERE ARE A  
GROUP OF BOYS WHO  
THINK THEY ARE MEN.



THEY ARE ABOUT TO EMBARK ON  
A **RIGOROUS** JOURNEY--A TRUE TEST OF  
BODY AND SPIRIT. THOSE WHO MAKE THE CUT  
WILL BECOME PART OF THE NEWLY FORMED  
**511<sup>TH</sup> PARACHUTE INFANTRY REGIMENT.**

THESE BOYS ARE, FOR THE MOST  
PART, ENTHRALLED BY THE  
PROSPECT OF FIGHTING FOR  
THEIR BELOVED HOMELAND.

THEY HAVEN'T A  
**CLUE** OF THE GRIM  
FUTURE THAT AWAITS  
THEM IN BATTLE.



THIS PARTICULAR  
SPECIMEN IS **PRIVATE  
RODMAN SERLING.**  
AGE EIGHTEEN.

A JEWISH BOY  
FROM SMALL TOWN  
BINGHAMTON,  
NEW YORK.



HE'S HELL-BENT ON  
BECOMING A PARATROOPER.















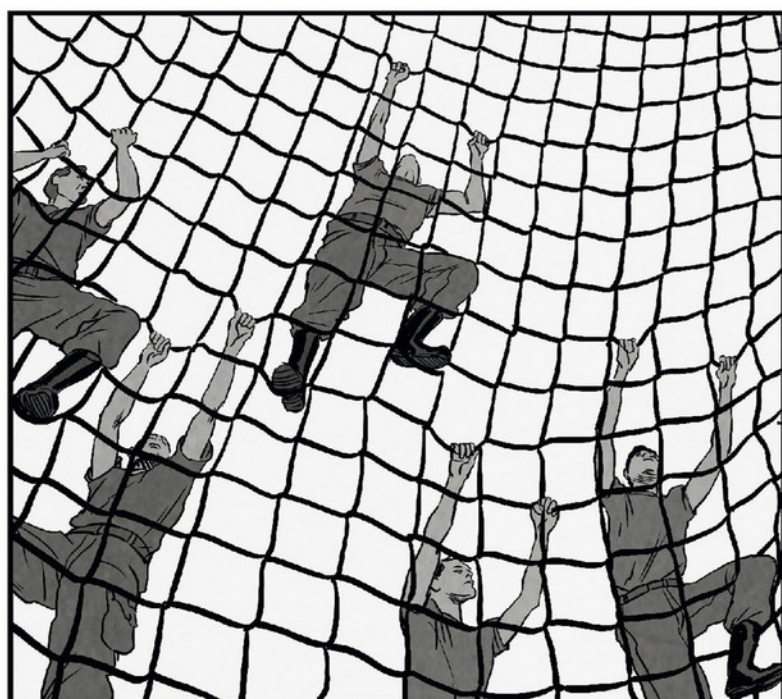
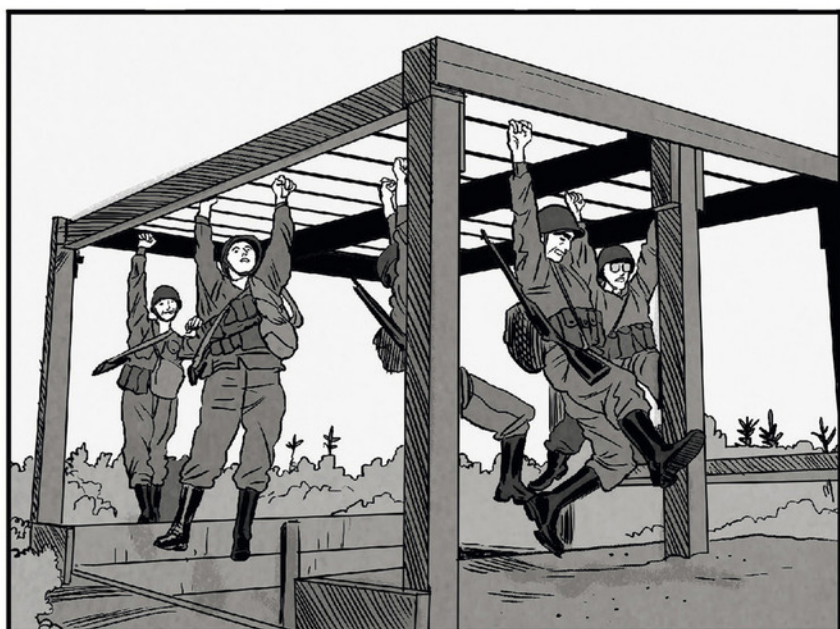


COLONEL HOGAN  
WASN'T LYING.

THEY PUSHED US  
TO OUR LIMITS.



IT SEEMED AS IF EVERY DAY THERE  
WERE LESS OF US ON THE FIELD.

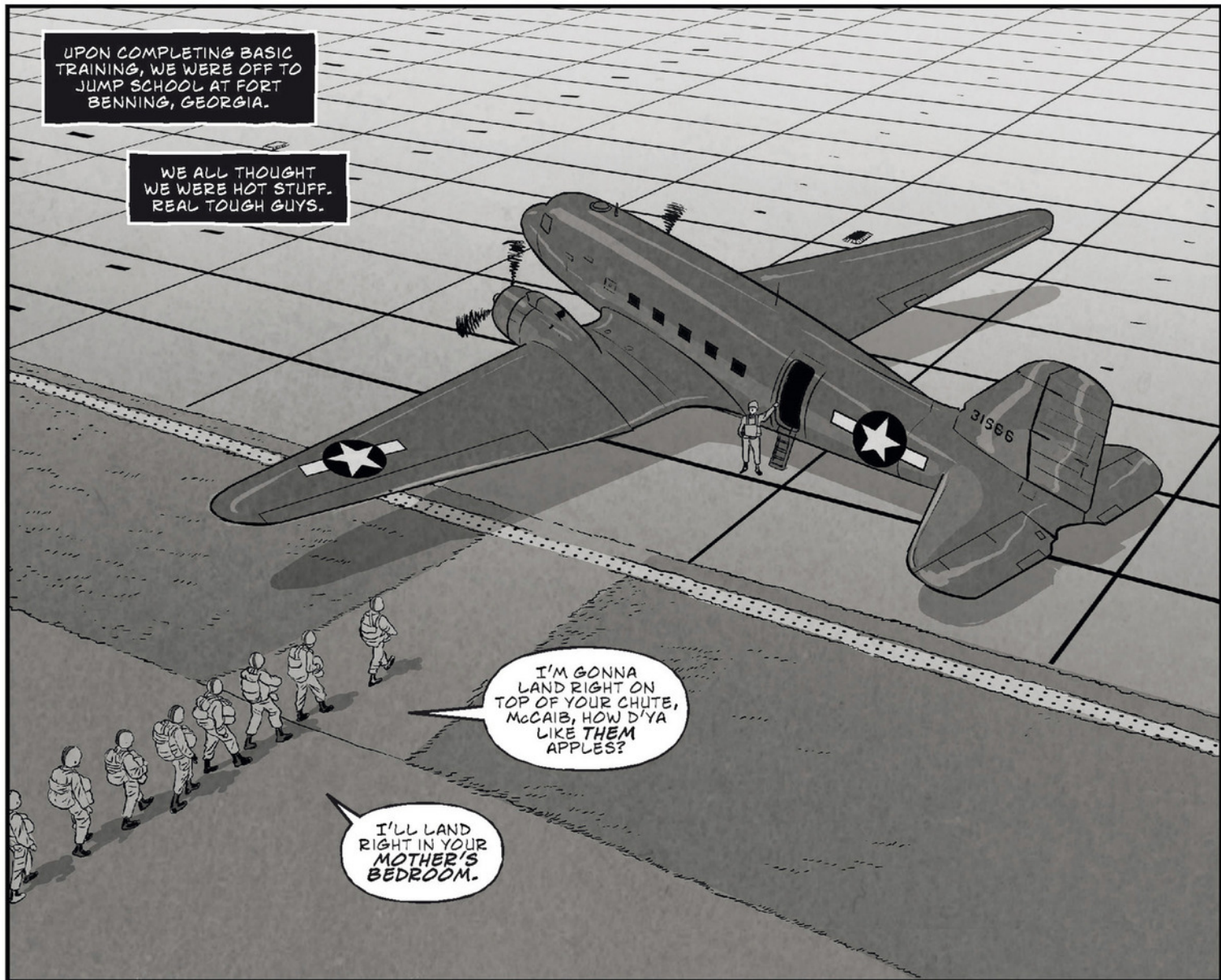


FAILING WAS OUT OF THE  
QUESTION. SO I KEPT AT IT.



UPON COMPLETING BASIC  
TRAINING, WE WERE OFF TO  
JUMP SCHOOL AT FORT  
BENNING, GEORGIA.

WE ALL THOUGHT  
WE WERE HOT STUFF.  
REAL TOUGH GUYS.



I'M GONNA  
LAND RIGHT ON  
TOP OF YOUR CHUTE,  
McCAIB, HOW D'YA  
LIKE THEM  
APPLES?

I'LL LAND  
RIGHT IN YOUR  
MOTHER'S  
BEDROOM.



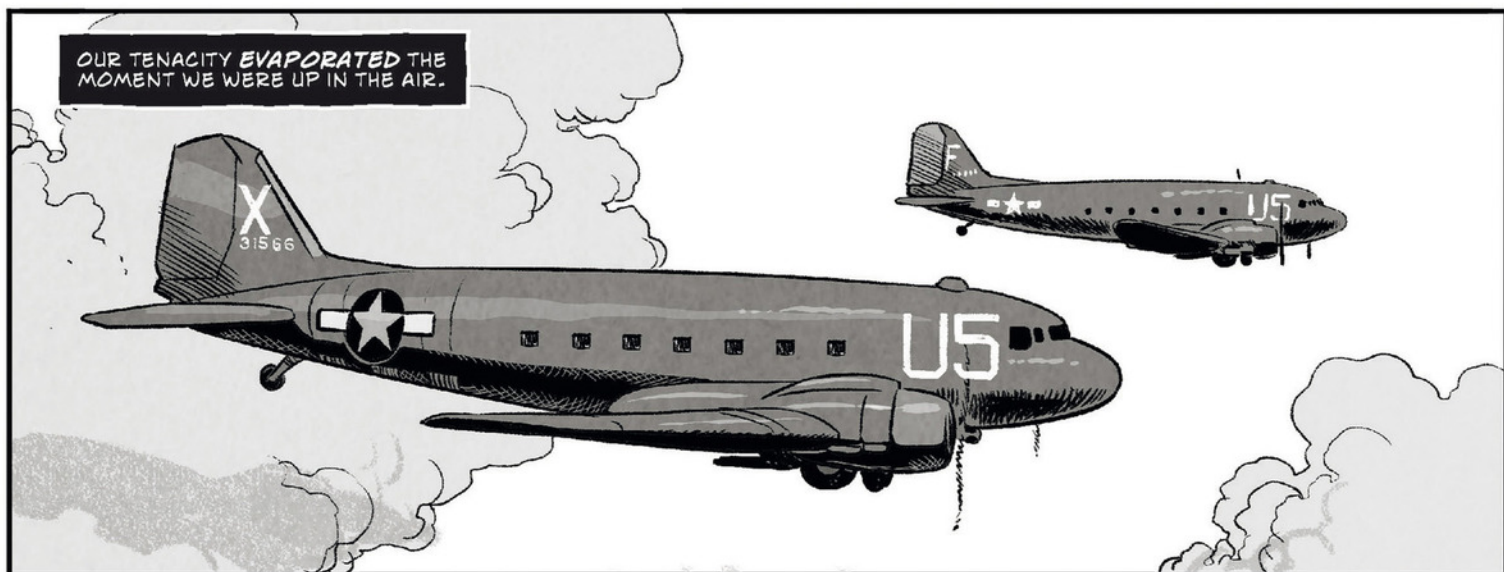
HEY SERLING,  
I HEARD THEY  
MADE A SPECIAL  
CHILD-SIZED  
RIG FOR YA!



HEY McCAIB,  
FIVE BUCKS SAYS  
FRANKEL HERE IS  
GOING TO WET HIS  
BRIEFS ON THE  
JUMP.

YOU'RE  
ON, SERLING!  
LET'S TRY NOT  
TO FLY UNDER  
HIM!













THEN THE  
CHUTE  
OPENS...



YOU'RE JERKED  
BACK WITH  
TREMENDOUS  
FORCE...

**VOOOOSH!**



...AND FLOODED WITH A  
DEEP SENSE OF **RELIEF**, AS YOU  
REALIZE THAT EVERYTHING RAN  
ACCORDING TO PLAN.

YOU FLOAT GENTLY  
TO THE GROUND, THANKING  
THE HEAVENS THAT YOU'RE  
STILL ALIVE.

**WOOHOOO!**



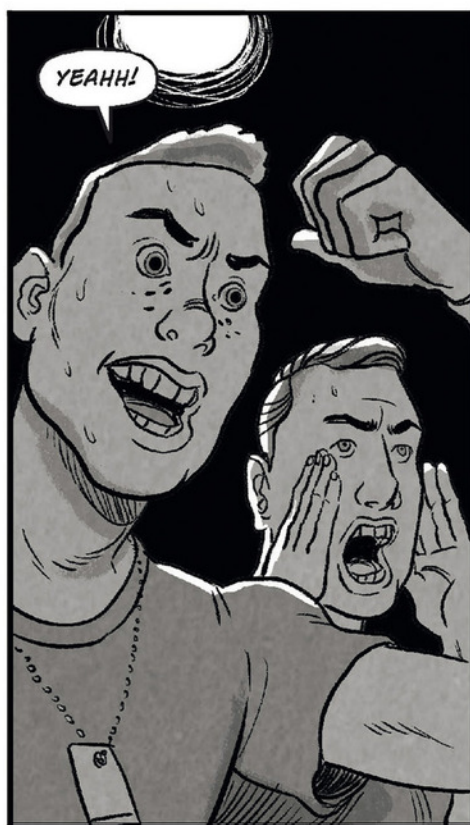






OUR NEXT STOP WAS  
**CAMP POLK**, WHERE WE  
WERE STATIONED FOR  
MANEUVERS.

ALL OF A SUDDEN,  
WE HAD PLENTY  
OF TIME TO KILL..



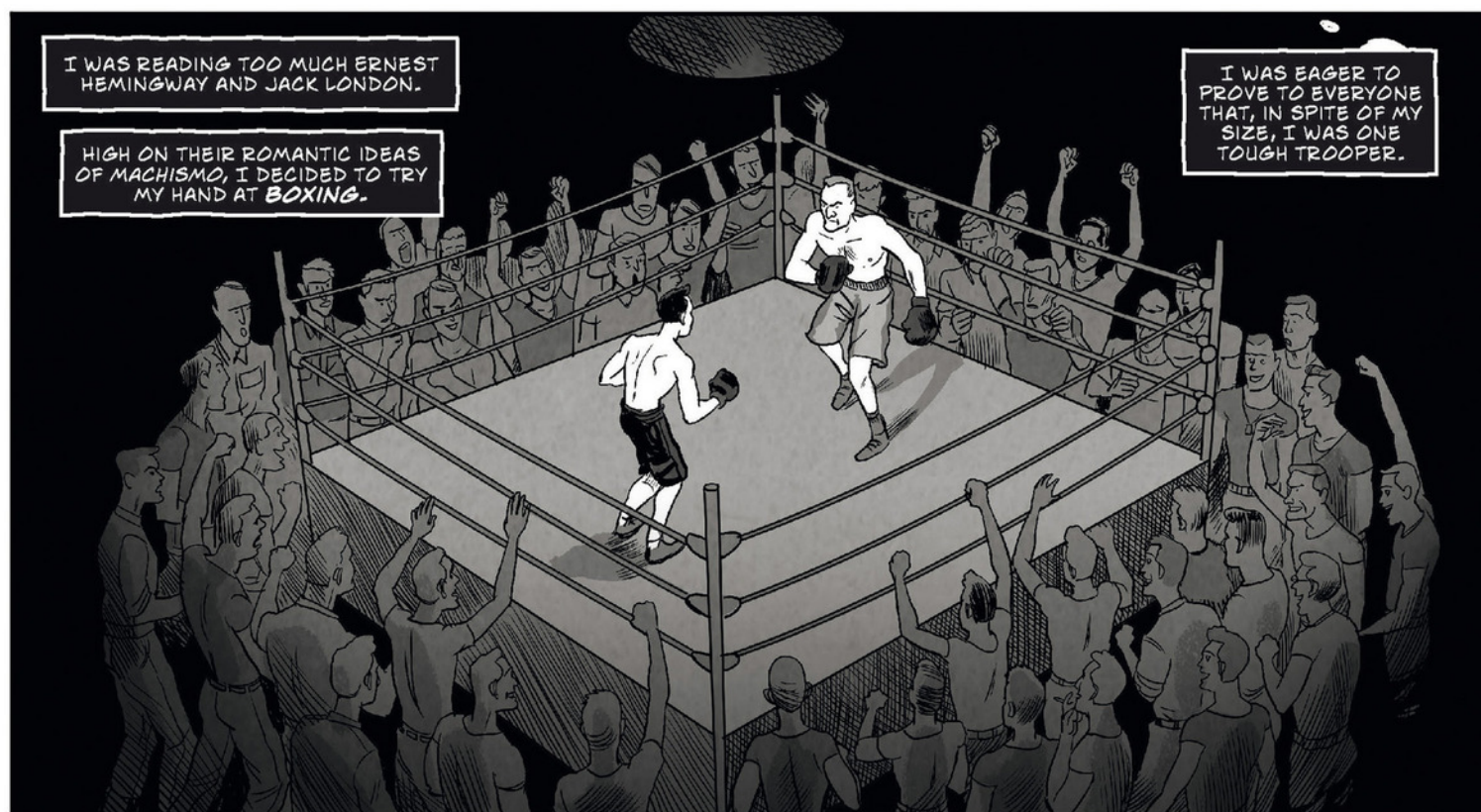
YEAHH!



FROM  
THE RIGHT!  
FROM THE  
RIGHT!



WOOOO!

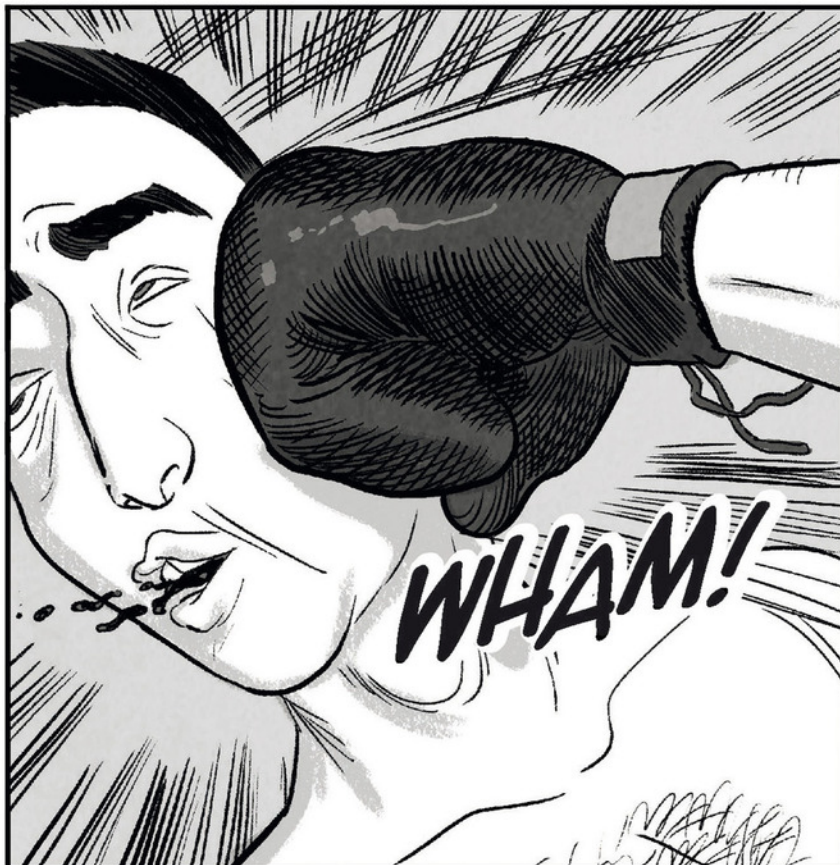
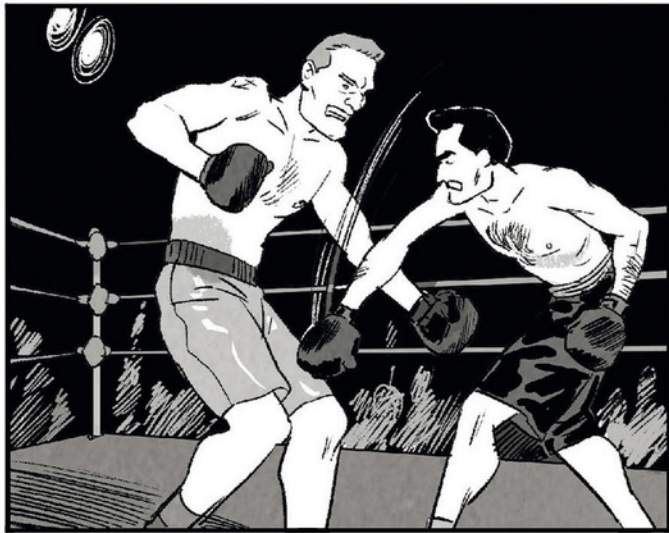
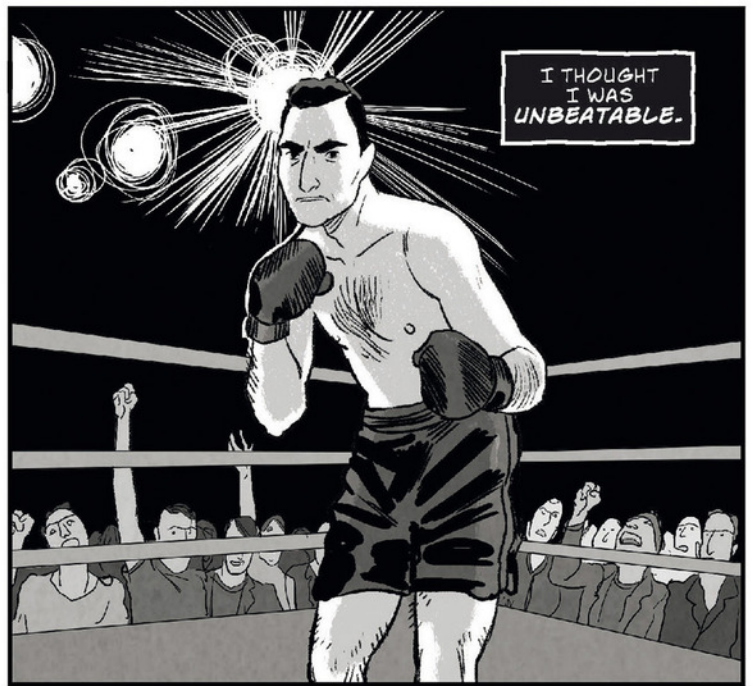
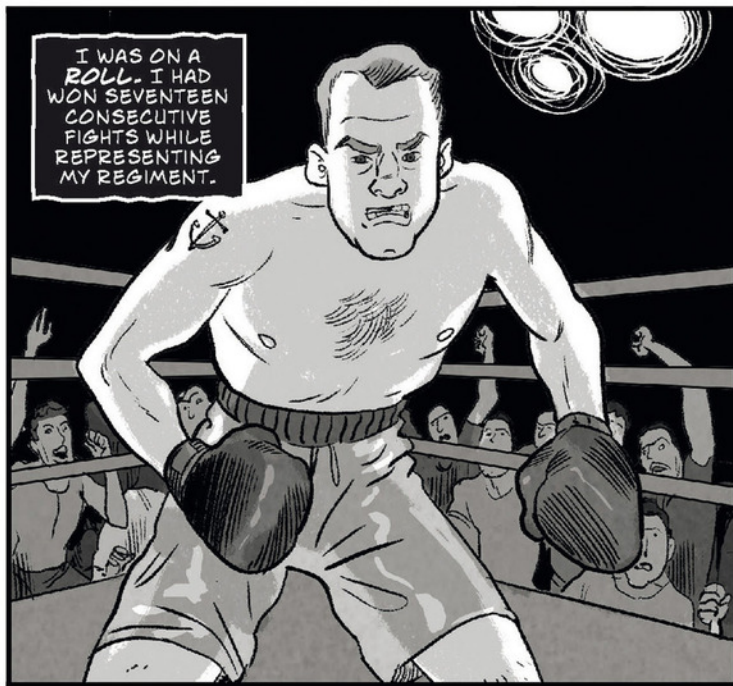


I WAS READING TOO MUCH ERNEST  
HEMINGWAY AND JACK LONDON.

HIGH ON THEIR ROMANTIC IDEAS  
OF MACHISMO, I DECIDED TO TRY  
MY HAND AT **BOXING**.

I WAS EAGER TO  
PROVE TO EVERYONE  
THAT, IN SPITE OF MY  
SIZE, I WAS ONE  
TOUGH TROOPER.















THE COMMANDERS KEPT  
US IN THE DARK AS WE  
SAILED UP THE PACIFIC.

WE WERE ITCHING FOR  
BATTLE, BUT WE WOULDN'T  
SEE IT FOR A WHILE.



SOMEHOW, THE  
JAPANESE FOUND OUT  
WE WERE COMING.

511<sup>TH</sup> PARACHUTE  
INFANTRY ON THE U.S.S.  
SEA PIKE--WE WELCOME  
YOU TO THE PACIFIC  
THEATER.



WE KNOW  
YOU ARE ON YOUR  
WAY TO ORO BAY,  
NEW GUINEA.

REST  
ASSURED:  
YOU WILL BE  
ATTACKED BY  
SUBMARINES  
ON YOUR JOURNEY.



LATER.



COMICS?  
I THOUGHT YOU WERE  
AN INTELLECTUAL.

DON'T  
BE A SNOB,  
THERE'S SOME  
GOOD STUFF  
IN HERE.



EVEN A MARTIAN  
COULD DO SHAKESPEARE  
IF YOU'D ONLY GIVE HIM  
HALF A CHANCE.





DESPITE THE OMINOUS THREAT  
AND CHOPPY WATERS, WE  
KEPT OUR SPIRITS UP.

WE CELEBRATED  
THE NIGHT WE  
PASSED THE  
EQUATOR.

GOOTEN TAG  
MENCHEN! YOUR  
PAL, ZE FYUROR,  
HERE.

ICH WANTED  
TO TELL YOU: ZER IZ  
EE BIG PROBLEMA VIZ  
ZEE AMERICANZ.

ICH BIN HATE  
ZEE AMERICANZ.  
HATE ZEM!

BUT DEAR  
GOTT...ZER  
VEEMEN!

HAVE YOU  
ZEEN ZEE AMERICAN  
VEEMEN?! VIZ FRÄULEIN  
JANE RUSSELL.  
OCH GOTT!

I WOULD LIKE  
HER TO GIFF ME A  
PRIVATE ZIG HEIL,  
OHOO, VIZ HER TWO  
HINDENBERGS!

HAHAHAHAHA





ALRIGHT, SERLING, THAT'S ENOUGH!

BOO! LET SERLING AT IT!

BOO!



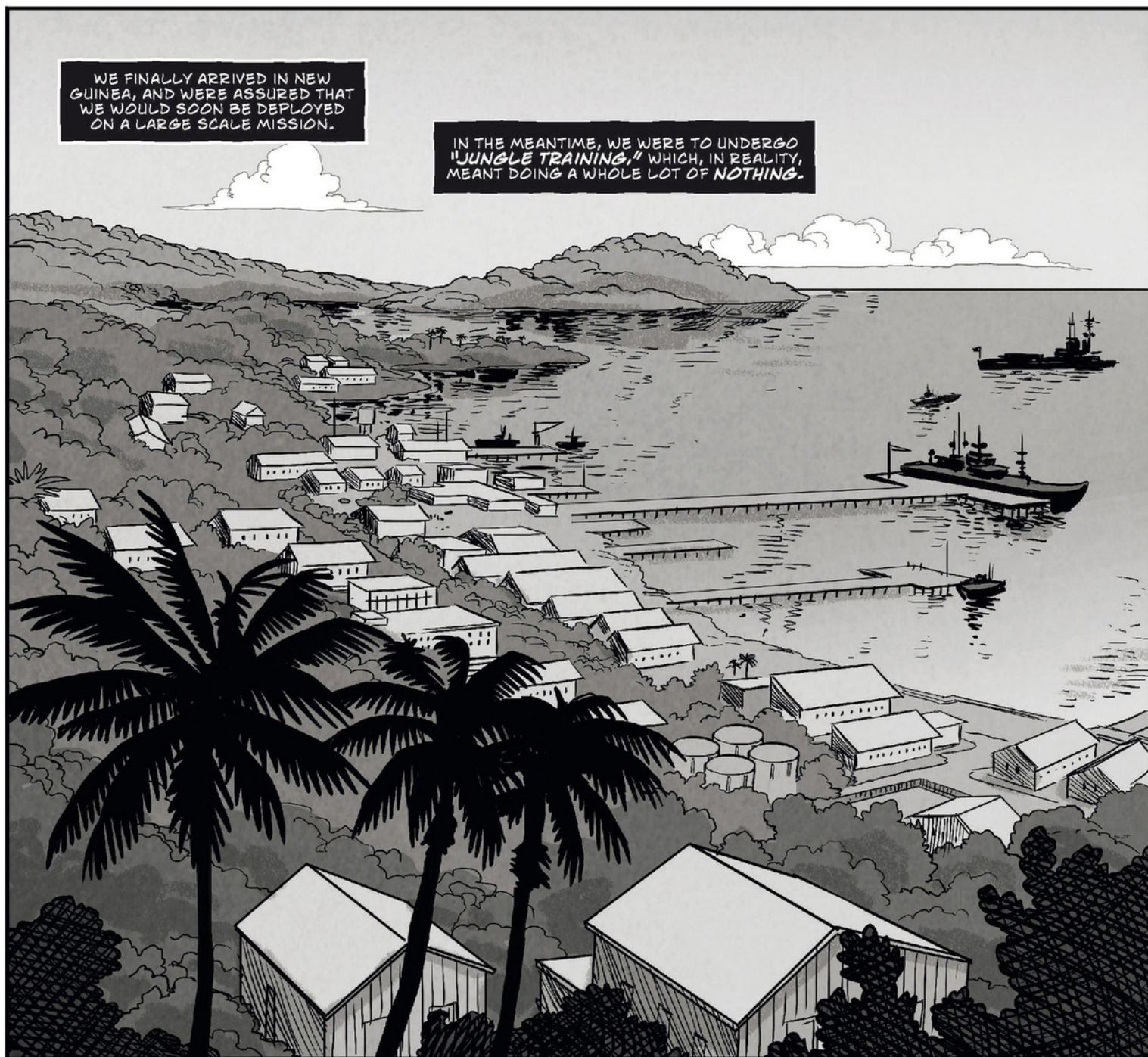
ZAY GUTE NACHT MENCHEN! GUTE NACHT TO YOUR FYUROR!

G'NIGHT!

WOOD!

NIGHT!

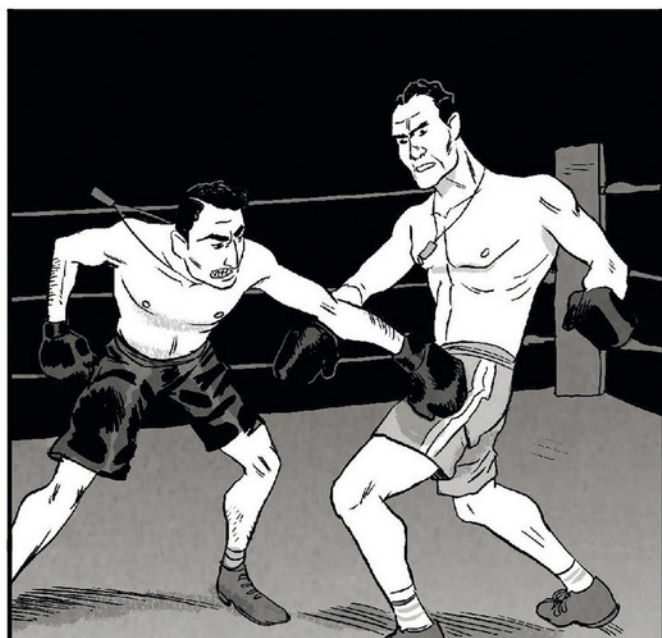
G'NIGHT!



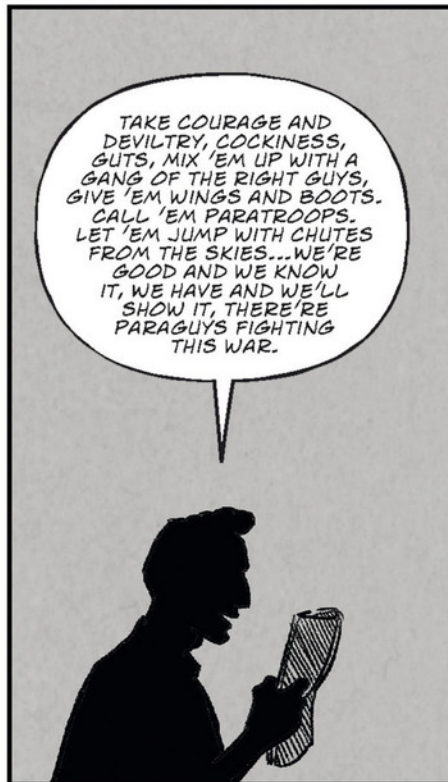
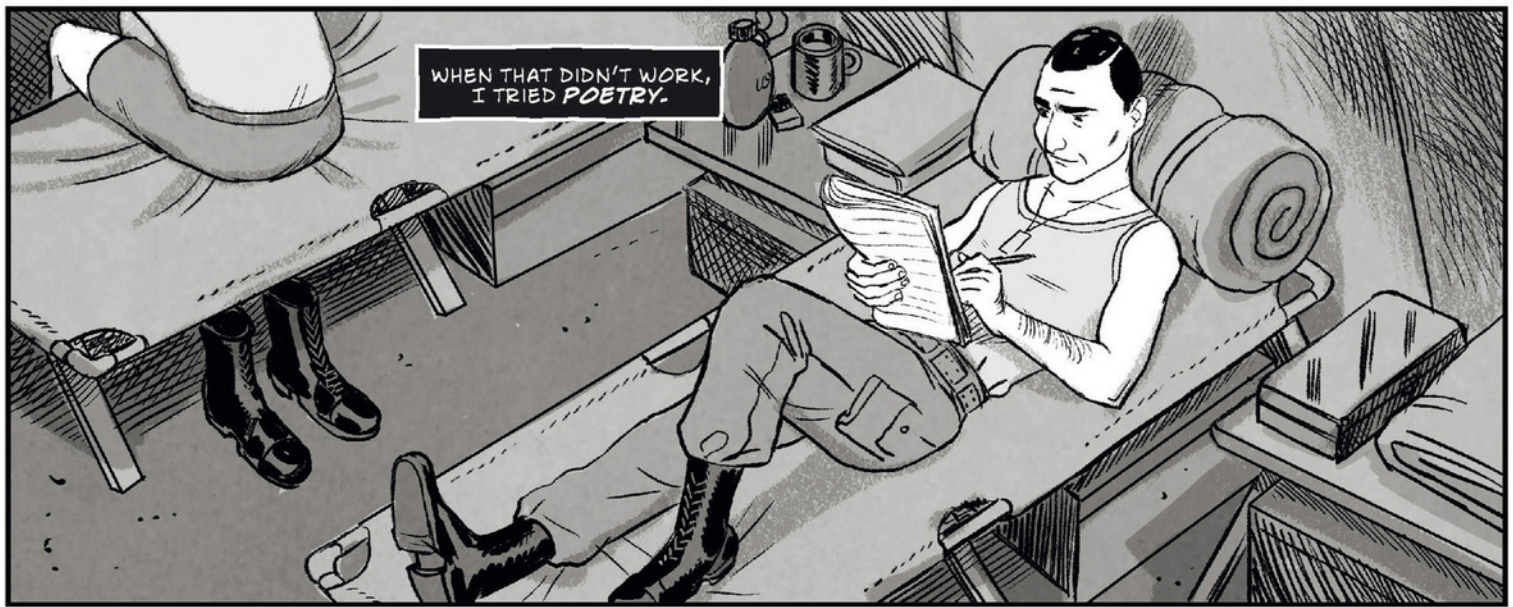
WE FINALLY ARRIVED IN NEW GUINEA, AND WERE ASSURED THAT WE WOULD SOON BE DEPLOYED ON A LARGE SCALE MISSION.

IN THE MEANTIME, WE WERE TO UNDERGO "JUNGLE TRAINING," WHICH, IN REALITY, MEANT DOING A WHOLE LOT OF NOTHING.

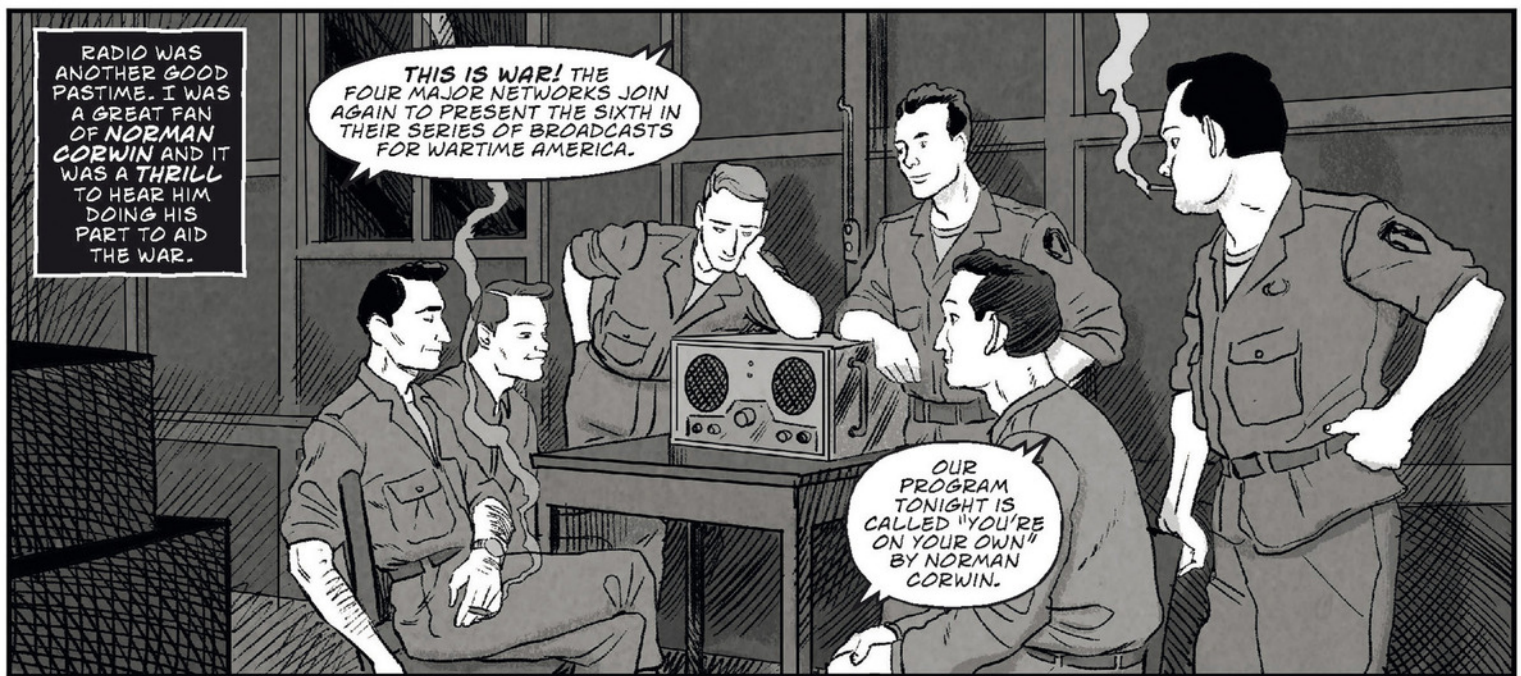














ORDERS FINALLY  
CAME IN.

SUDDENLY WE FOUND  
OURSELVES IN THE MIDST  
OF A SAVAGE JUNGLE ON  
THE ISLAND OF LEYTE IN  
THE PHILIPPINES.

THE ISLAND HAD BEEN WON  
OVER BY OUR TROOPS BEFORE OUR  
ARRIVAL, BUT POCKETS OF JAPANESE  
SOLDIERS WERE STILL ENTRENCHED  
IN CAVES WITHIN THE MOUNTAINS.



WE WERE TASKED WITH  
CROSSING THE ISLAND  
THROUGH THE MAHAGNAD  
MOUNTAINS AND FLUSHING  
OUT ANY RESISTANCE.

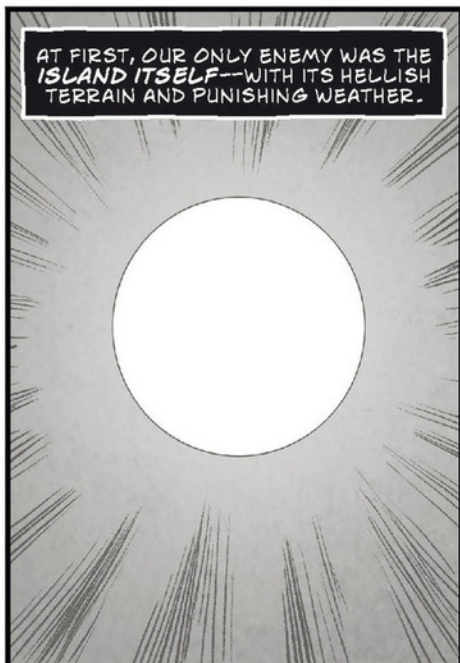
SOUVENIR,  
SERLING?

HUH?

MY COUSIN  
FOUGHT IN GUADAL-  
CANAL, GOT HIMSELF  
A NICE COLLECTION  
OF JAP SKULLS.



AT FIRST, OUR ONLY ENEMY WAS THE ISLAND ITSELF--WITH ITS HELLISH TERRAIN AND PUNISHING WEATHER.



THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE JAPANESE. THE ANTICIPATION WAS NERVE-WRACKING.



WHERE THE FUCK ARE THOSE BASTARDS?

I WISH I KNEW.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

HE'S BURNIN' UP.

MALARIA.



UNPREPARED FOR THE ROUGH JUNGLE TERRAIN, WE MOVED AT A SNAIL'S PACE, SOMETIMES BARELY A MILE A DAY.





IT WASN'T TOO LONG BEFORE WE HAD  
OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE ENEMY.







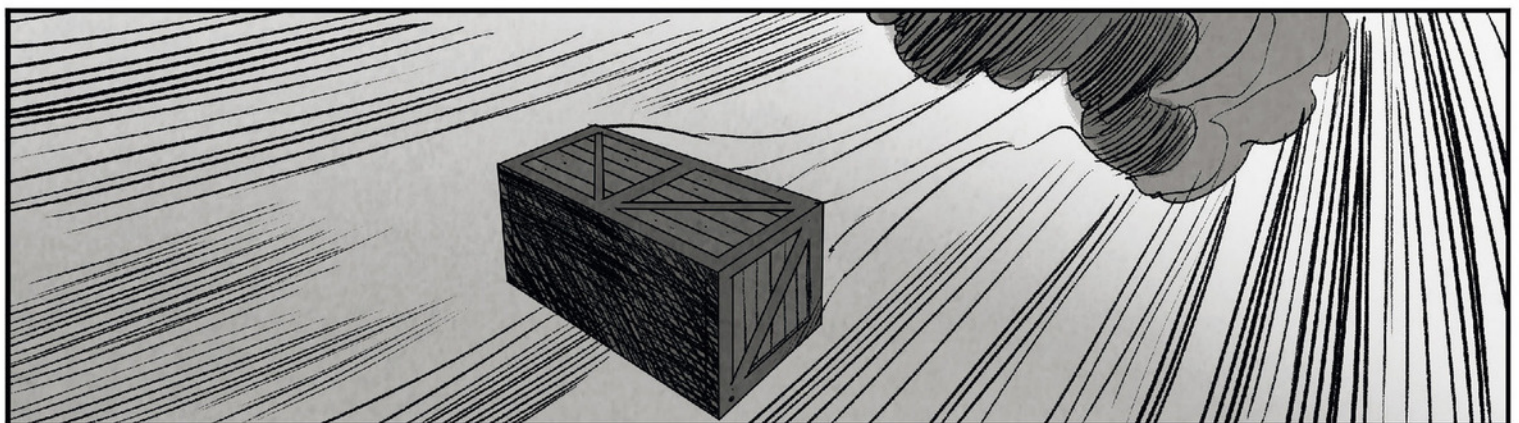
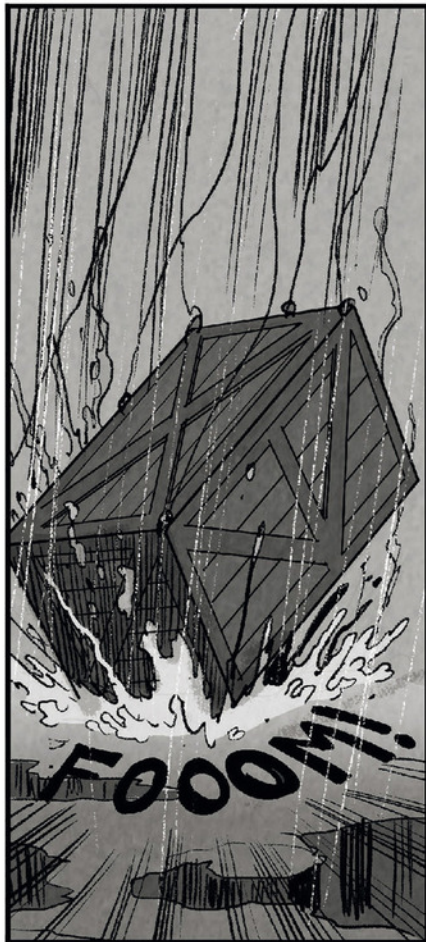




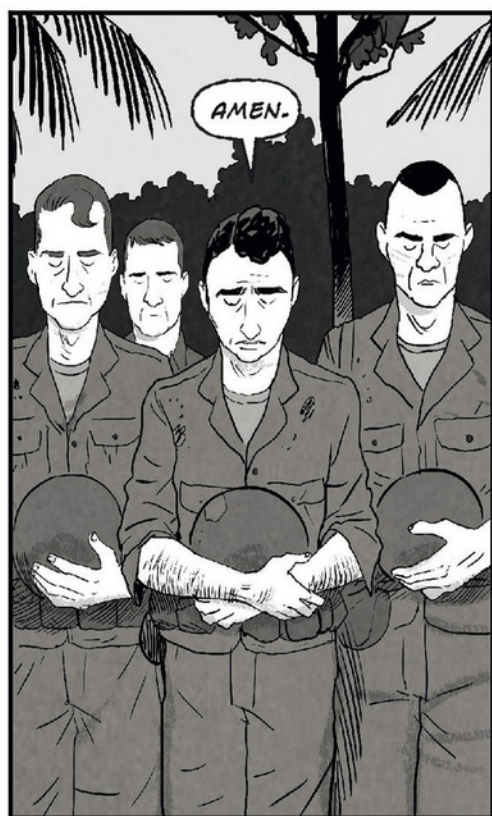
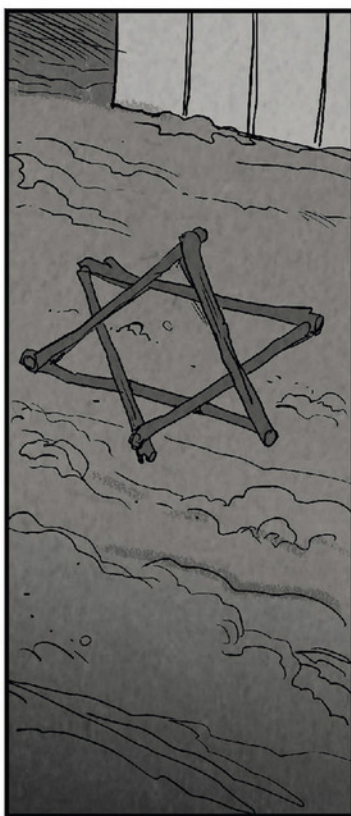




















AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE EONS, WE FINALLY BROKE THROUGH THE JUNGLE.



AHOY!



GOOD TO SEE YOU, MAJOR.

CAPTAIN.

A JOB WELL DONE.

WE'LL BE TAKING YOU BACK TO BASE.



WE MADE IT. BUT I DIDN'T FEEL RELIEVED.

I FELT PETRIFIED.



IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY.

MY BIRTHDAY.





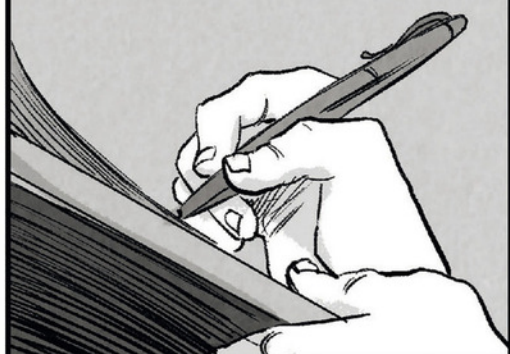


YOU'RE NOT COMING? THEY GOT HOT TURKEY AND REAL MASHED POTATOES!

GO AHEAD, I GOTTA FINISH THIS LETTER.

Dear Dad,

Just as you and Mom thought mainly about some future Christmas—my thoughts were along the same line on my birthday. We were still in combat—but you'd be surprised—a guy can do some thinking in a fox hole.



You know, Dad, if you and I have any differences—and little run-ins occasionally—it's not for you to apologize.



All my life, you've given me everything I've wanted.

I never so much as gave it a thought that you might find it tough to keep supplying me with every whim, and the idea of repaying you never entered my head.

Accordingly, my gratefulness was a shallow, momentary thing that couldn't have made you understand that your efforts were really appreciated.

So Dad, when that future Christmas when we're together again rolls around, you can put aside thoughts of making up for the past—it'll be for me to start showing that the years of you slaving away and worrying just for my benefit were not thrown away on a selfish, thoughtless kid.







WE HAD ACCOMPLISHED OUR MISSION. BUT THERE WAS NO REST FOR US. A FEW HOT MEALS, FRESH UNIFORMS...

...AND WE WERE OFF AGAIN, HEADED FOR A COVERT JUMP ONTO TAGAYTAY.

WE WERE TO PROCEED FROM THERE BY GROUND TOWARDS MANILA.



THE JOKES HAD STOPPED, THE SMILES WIPED AWAY.

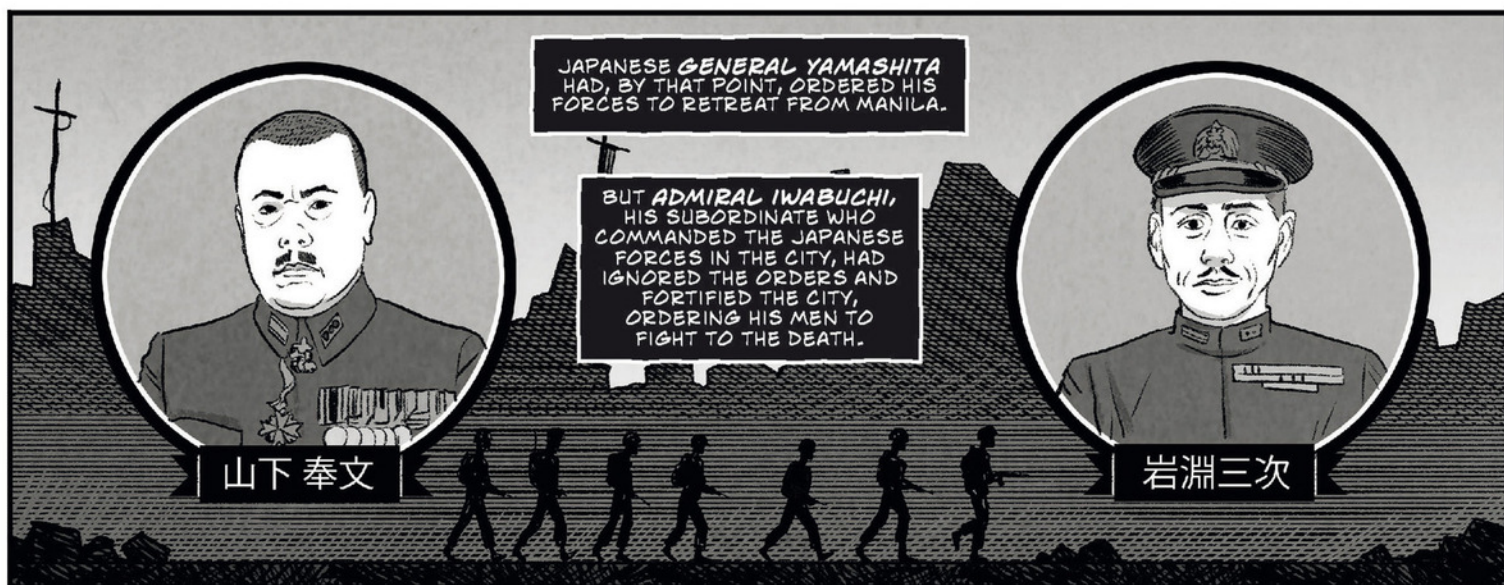


WE WERE NOW A GROUP OF AUTOMATONS READY TO BLINDLY FOLLOW ORDERS.

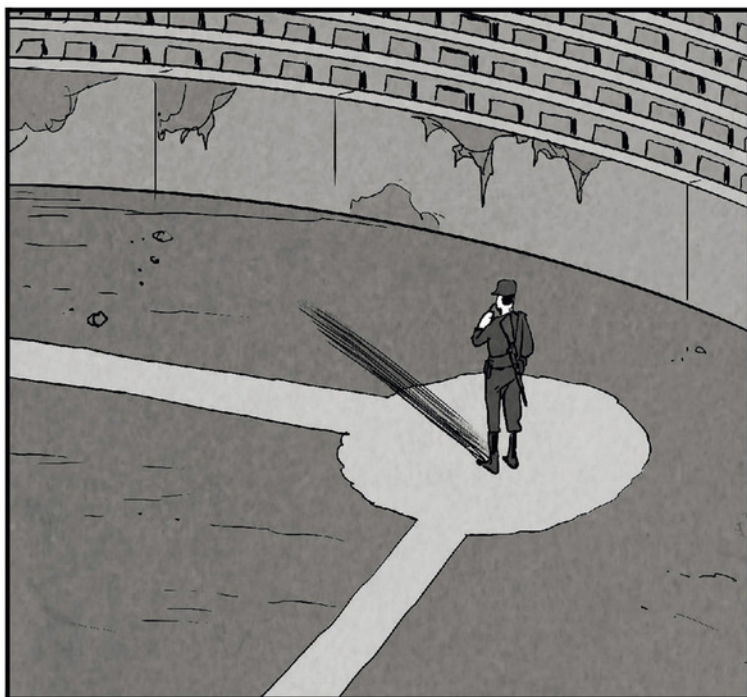


READY ONCE MORE TO JUMP TOWARDS OUR DEATHS.









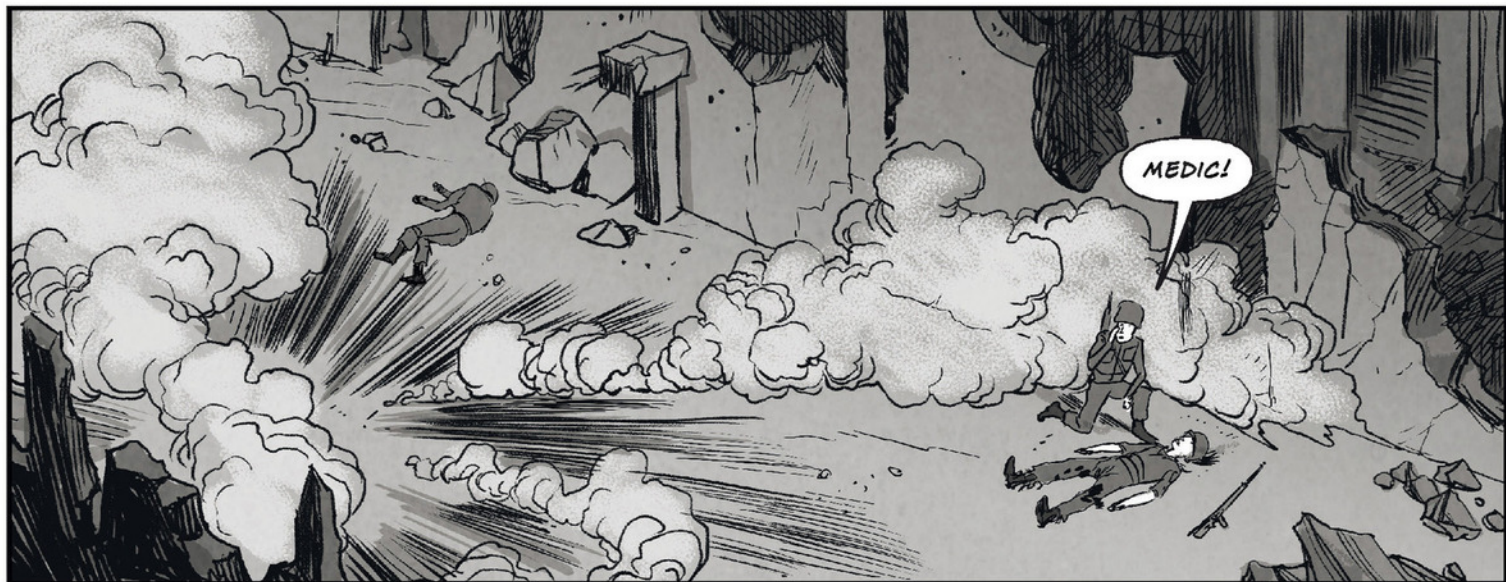










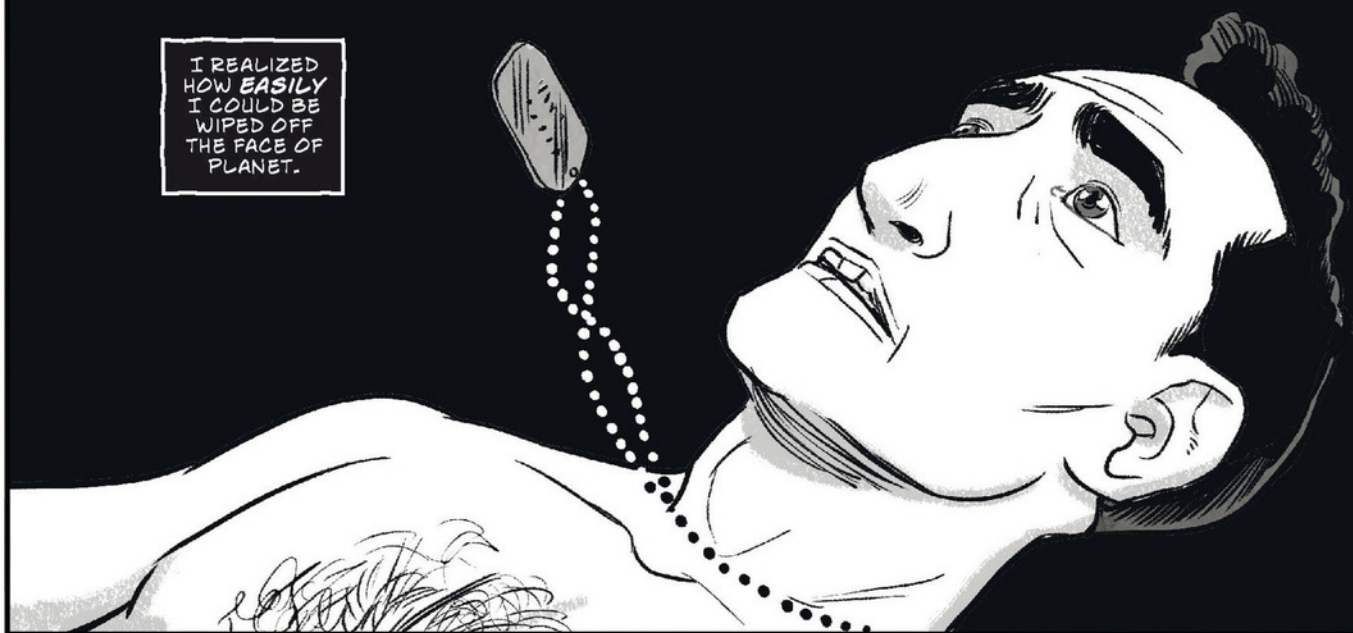


MY INJURIES WERE NOT FATAL.

THE DAMAGE DONE WAS  
MOSTLY TO MY EGO.



I REALIZED  
HOW **EASILY**  
I COULD BE  
WIPED OFF  
THE FACE OF  
PLANET.



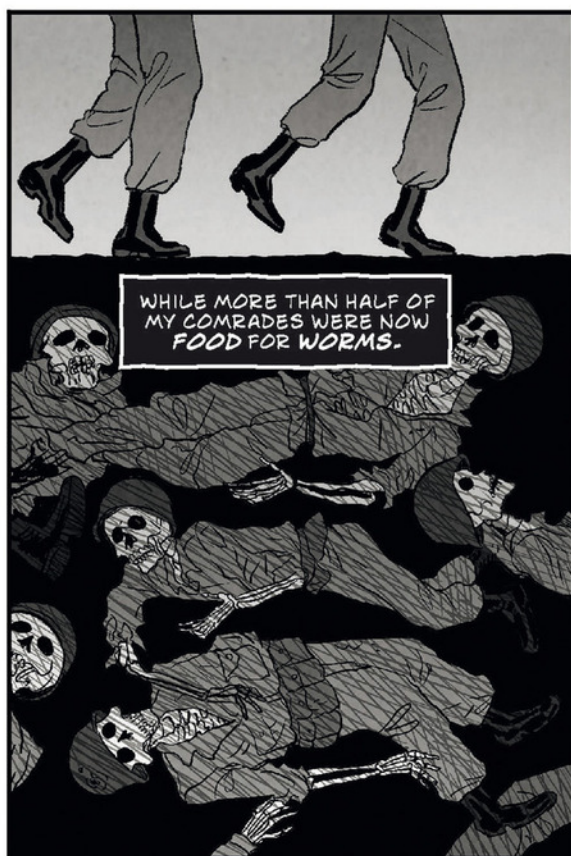


AFTER A FEW WEEKS IN REHAB,  
I WAS SENT BACK INTO THE FIELD.

AS I RETURNED TO THE  
SURREAL REALITY OF BATTLE,  
IT DAWNED ON ME THAT I WAS  
NOW PART OF THE **LIVING DEAD**.



STILL BREATHING,  
STILL MOVING...



WHILE MORE THAN HALF OF  
MY COMRADES WERE NOW  
**FOOD FOR WORMS.**

THE RANDOMNESS  
OF IT ALL WAS  
MIND-BOGGLING.

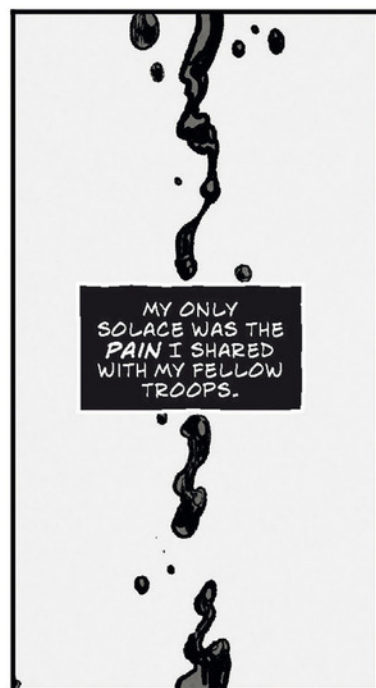
WHO GOT  
TO LIVE, AND  
WHO DIDN'T.



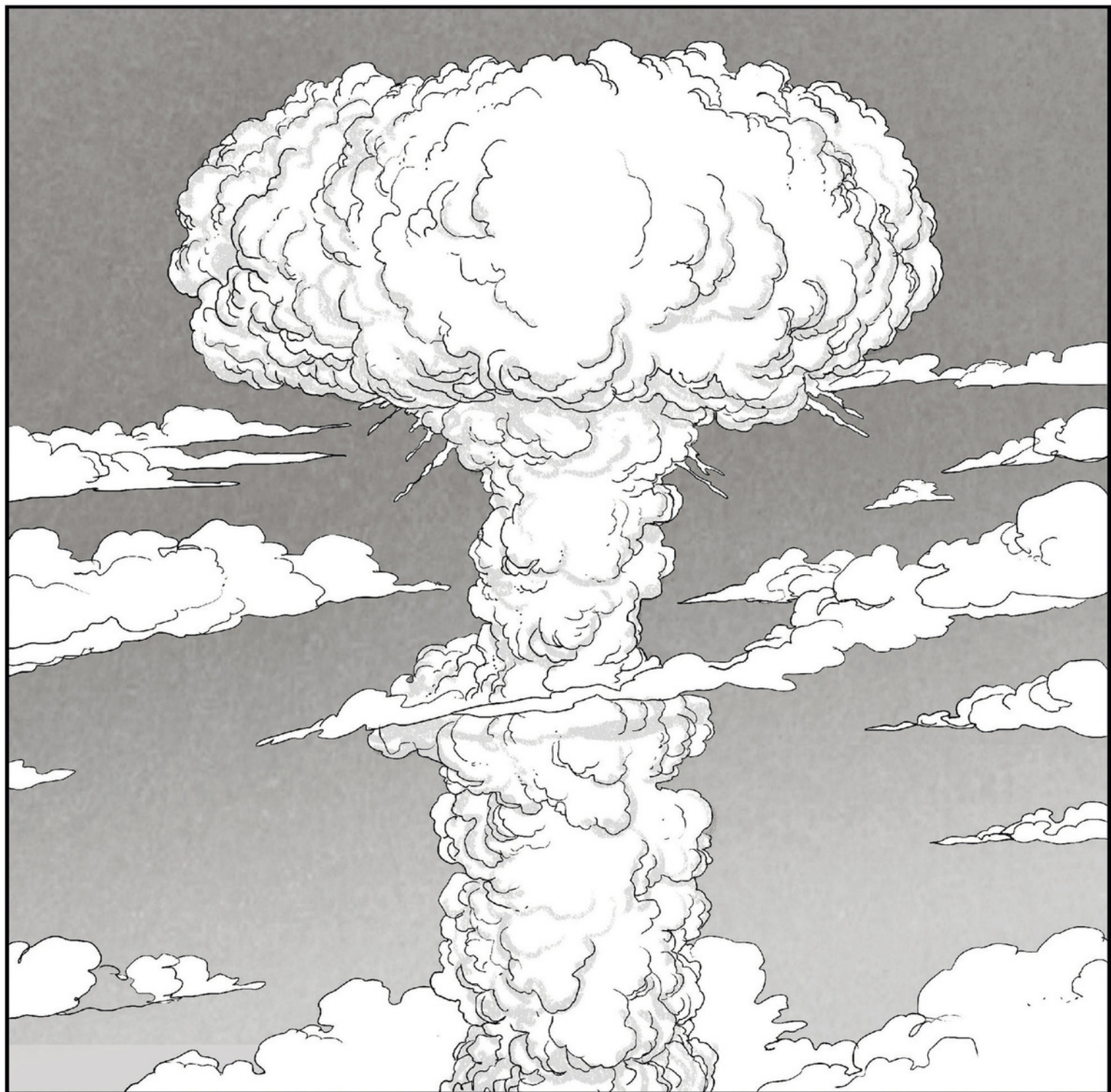
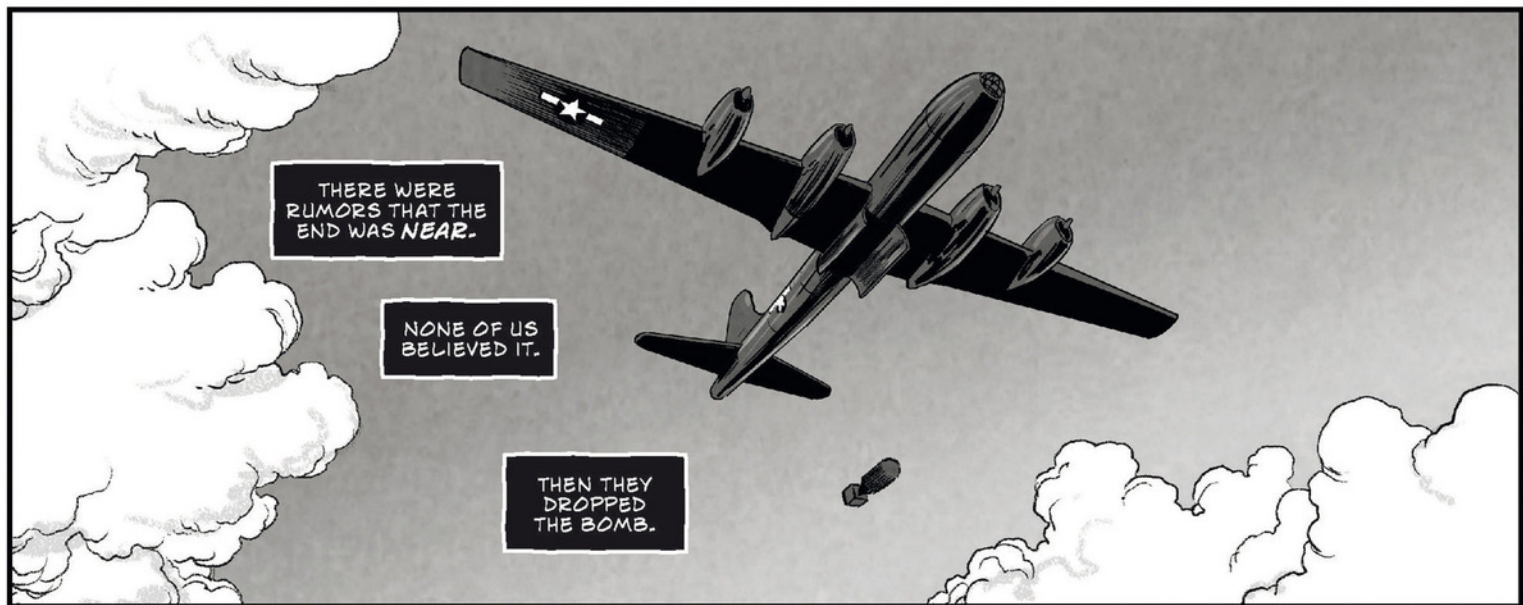
THE FEVER  
OF WAR WOULD  
NOT LOOSEN  
ITS GRIP.



MY ONLY  
SOLACE WAS THE  
**PAIN** I SHARED  
WITH MY FELLOW  
TROOPS.



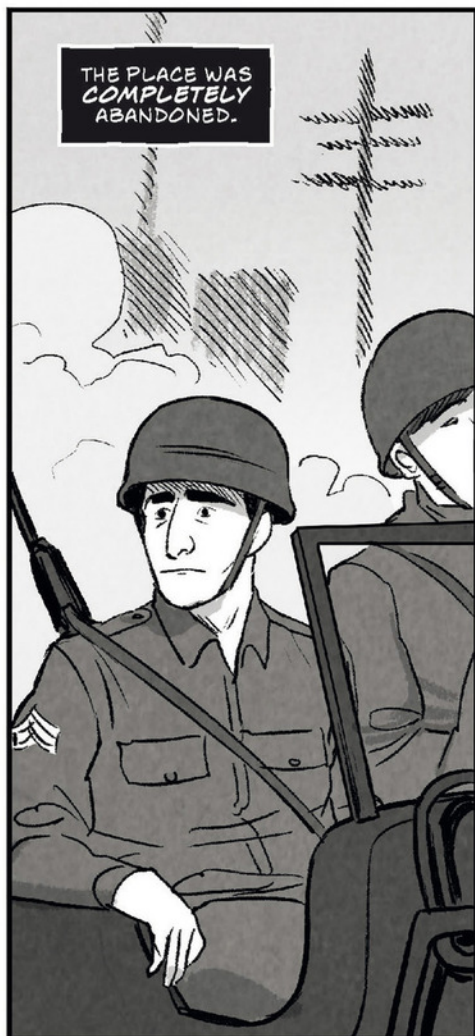








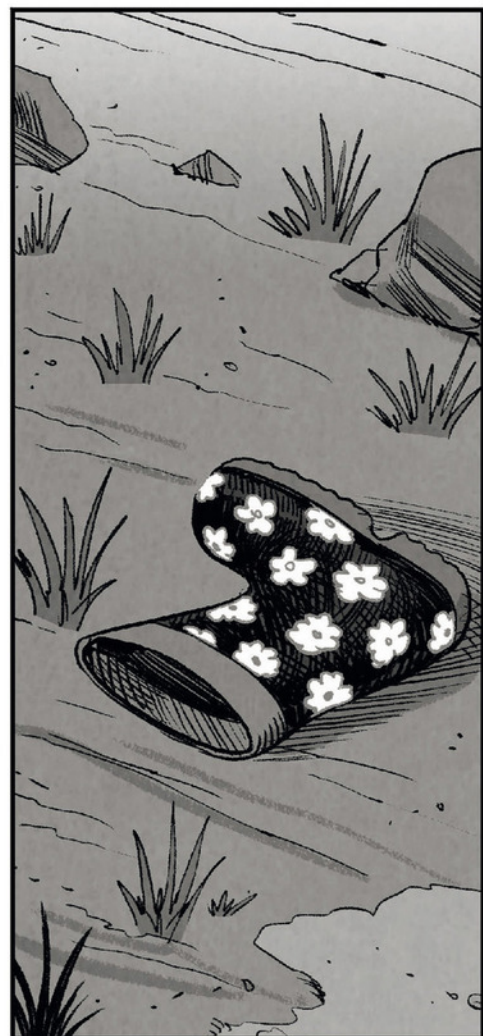
AFTER THE JAPANESE  
SURRENDERED, THE 511<sup>TH</sup> WAS  
SHIPPED TO YOKAHAMA, JAPAN,  
WHERE A TEMPORARY AMERICAN  
BASE WAS BEING SET UP.



THE PLACE WAS  
**COMPLETELY**  
ABANDONED.



IT WAS AS IF  
EVERYBODY  
HAD VANISHED  
OVERNIGHT.















## PART II





ASK ME A YES  
OR NO QUESTION  
\* Does He/She Love Me?  
\* Will I Become Rich?  
\* Is My Future Bright?

1¢ MYSTIC  
SEER  
①

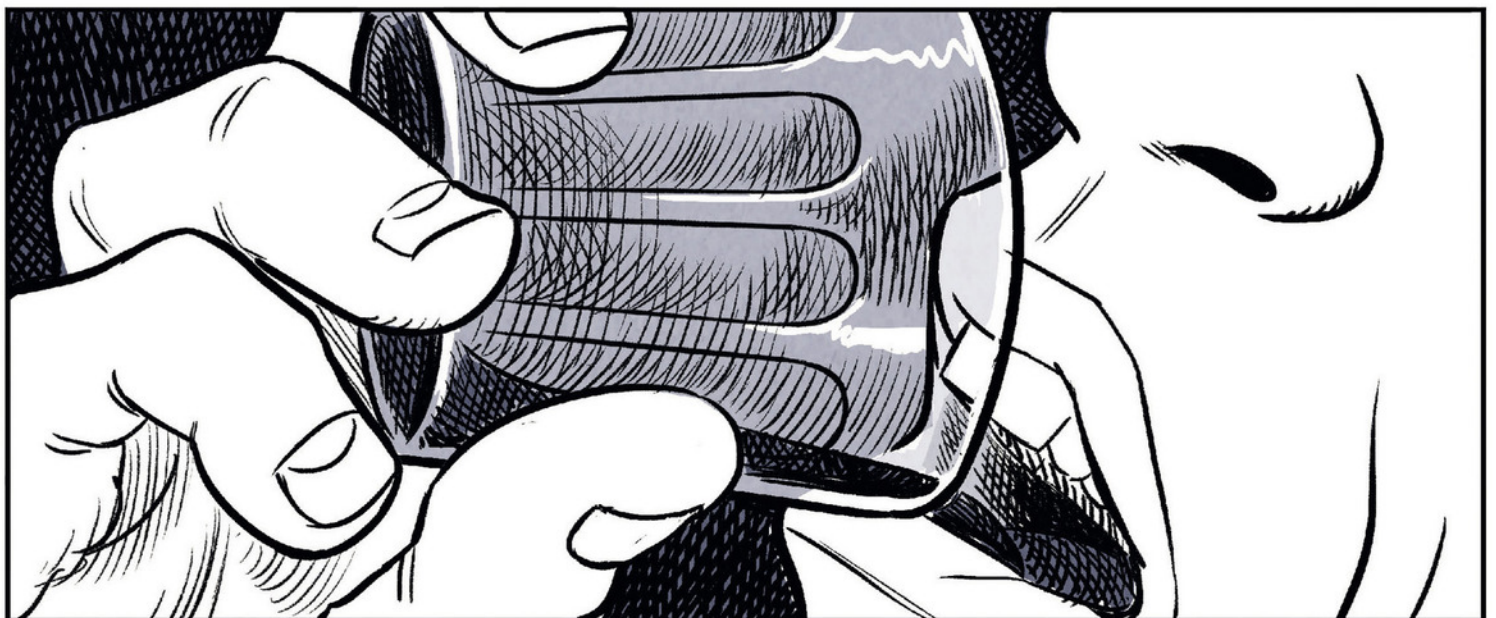
MARILYN

MARILYN

ASK ME A YES  
OR NO QUESTION  
\* Does He/She Love Me?  
\* Will I Become Rich?  
\* Is My Future Bright?

1¢ MYSTIC  
SEER  
①













DURING WAR, YOU YEARN FOR THE FAMILIAR. IT'S ALL YOU DREAM ABOUT: THE **FOOD**, THE **FAMILY**, THE **WOMEN**.

BUT ONCE IT'S ALL OVER, AND YOU'RE BACK HOME, YOU REALIZE THERE'S **NOTHING** WAITING FOR YOU. NOTHING BUT A GREAT WIDE **EMPTINESS**.



EACH NIGHT I WOULD BE PLAGUED BY HORRIFIC **NIGHTMARES**.

MEMORIES OF WAR TRANSMUTED INTO DEMONIC MONSTERS.



ABOMINATIONS ARMED TO THE TEETH.

EAGER TO TEAR ME APART.



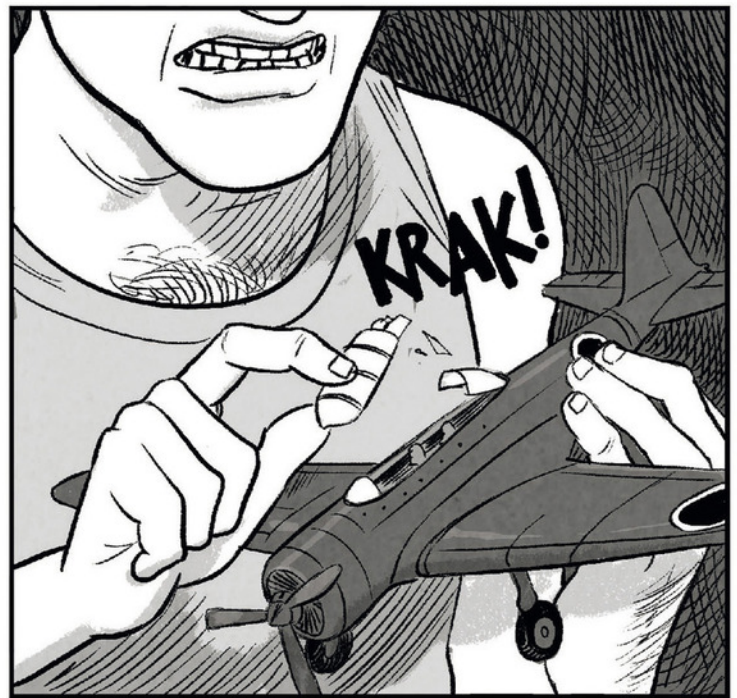
WHEN I CONSULTED A DOCTOR, HE SAID IT WAS JUST **SHELL SHOCK**, AND WOULD PASS SOON ENOUGH.

CONTRARY TO THE DOCTOR'S PROGNOSIS, NIGHT TERRORS WOULD HAUNT ME FOR THE **REST OF MY LIFE**.







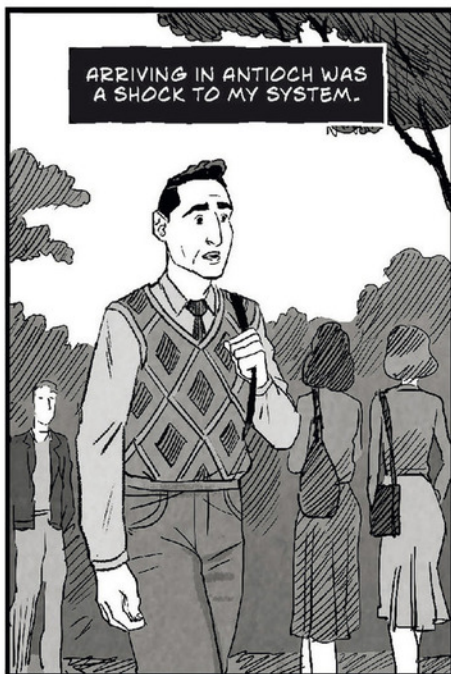




EVENTUALLY, I GOT MYSELF TOGETHER. I USED MY G.I. BENEFITS AND ENROLLED AT **ANTIOCH COLLEGE**, MY BROTHER'S ALMA MATER.



ARRIVING IN ANTIOCH WAS A SHOCK TO MY SYSTEM.



AFTER FOUR YEARS OF FIGHTING IN THE RAVENOUS JUNGLES AND THE RUINS OF MANILA...



...HERE I WAS, CAREFREE, IN A LUSH, SPRAWLING CAMPUS IN YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO.



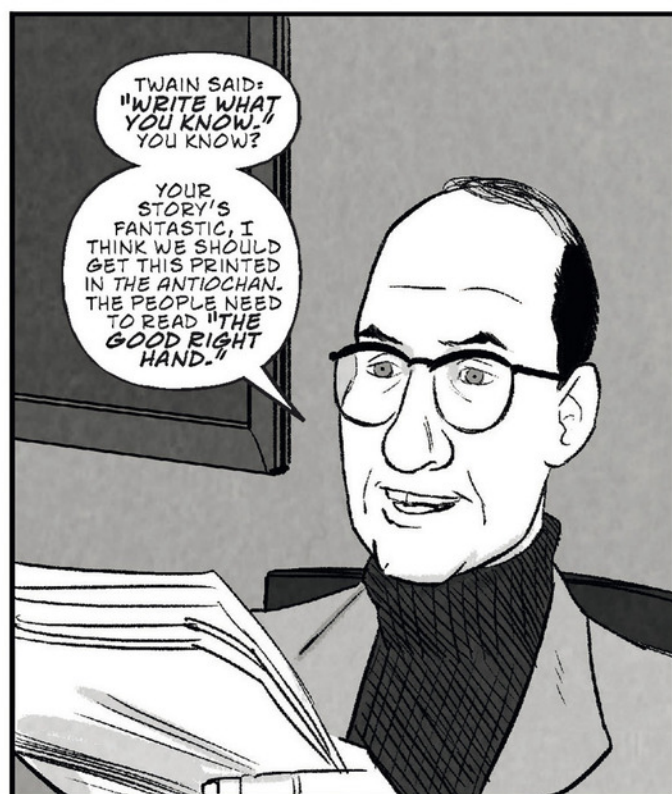
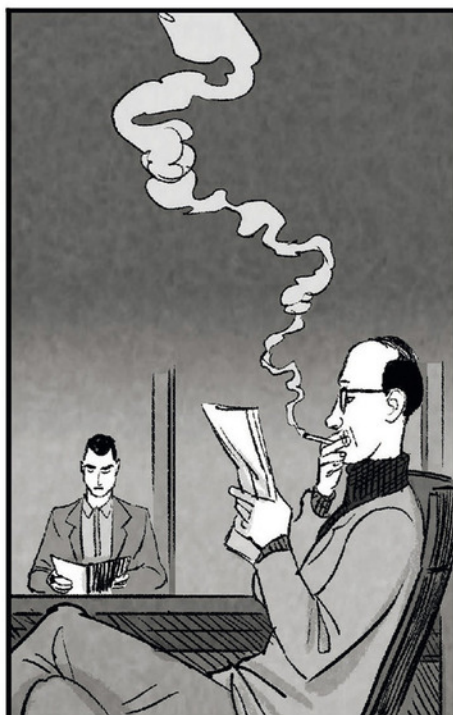
AND THE WOMEN!



I FELT LIKE I HAD ARRIVED IN **XANADU**.



















ANTIOCH HAD A SPECIAL WORK/STUDY PROGRAM. STUDENTS WERE ENCOURAGED TO SPLIT THEIR TIME BETWEEN CAMPUS AND **REAL WORLD EXPERIENCE**.

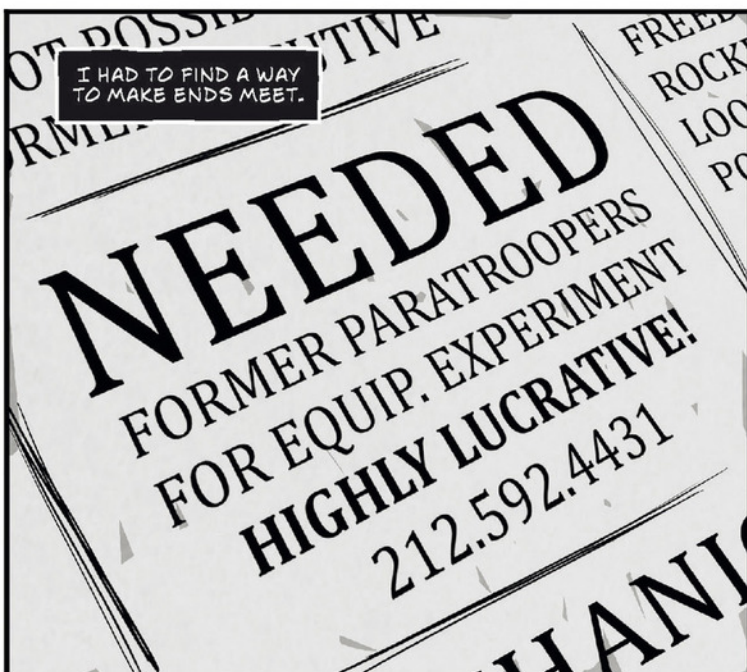
I WAS ACCEPTED INTO AN INTERNSHIP AT **WNYC** IN NEW YORK CITY.



I WAS EXHILARATED. MANHATTAN WAS THE UNDISPUTED **MECCA OF RADIO**.

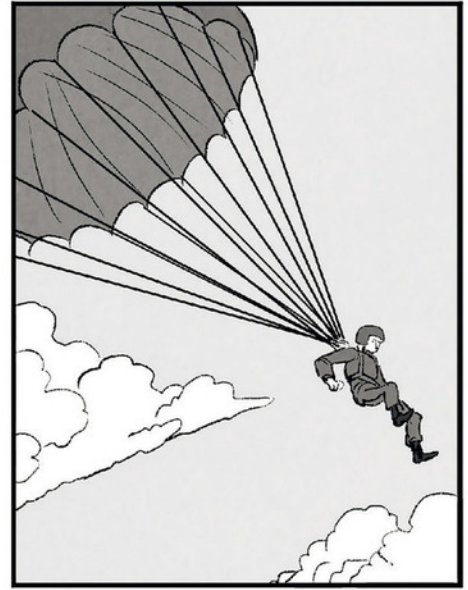


BUT I SOON REALIZED THAT THE INTERNSHIP BARELY COVERED MY LIVING EXPENSES.



I HAD TO FIND A WAY TO MAKE ENDS MEET.















CAROL WASN'T  
JUST ANOTHER  
SQUEEZE. WE  
FELL FOR EACH  
OTHER, HARD.  
I DECIDED IT  
WAS TIME TO  
PROPOSE.



WE ENCOUNTERED RESISTANCE FROM CAROL'S DAD.

WHY ON  
EARTH WOULD  
YOU WANT TO  
MARRY A JEW?  
AND HE'S  
NOT EVEN  
WEALTHY!



AND FROM  
MY MOTHER.

A  
SHIKSA,  
ROD?

WHAT  
HAVE I  
DONE TO  
DESERVE  
THIS?



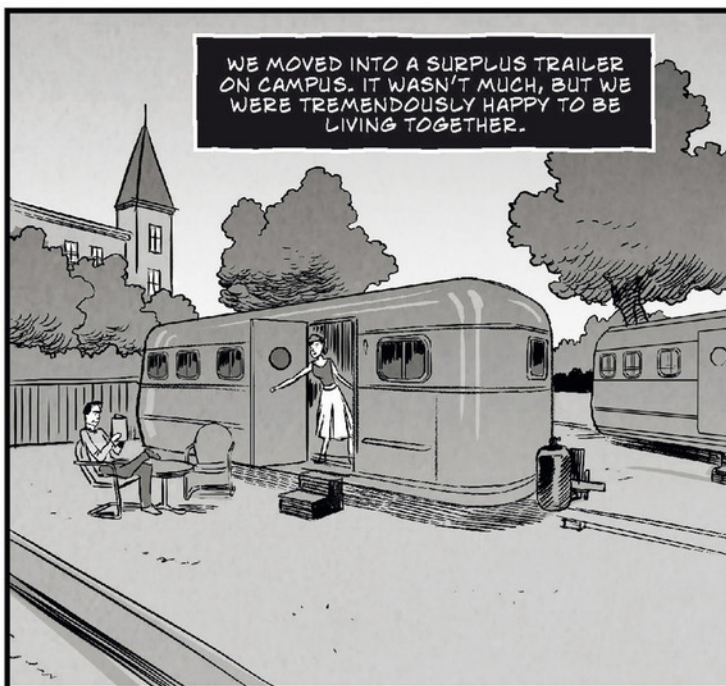
I DECIDED TO CONVERT TO UNITARIANISM.  
I WANTED CAROL'S FAMILY TO ACCEPT ME.



WE GOT MARRIED  
THAT SUMMER.



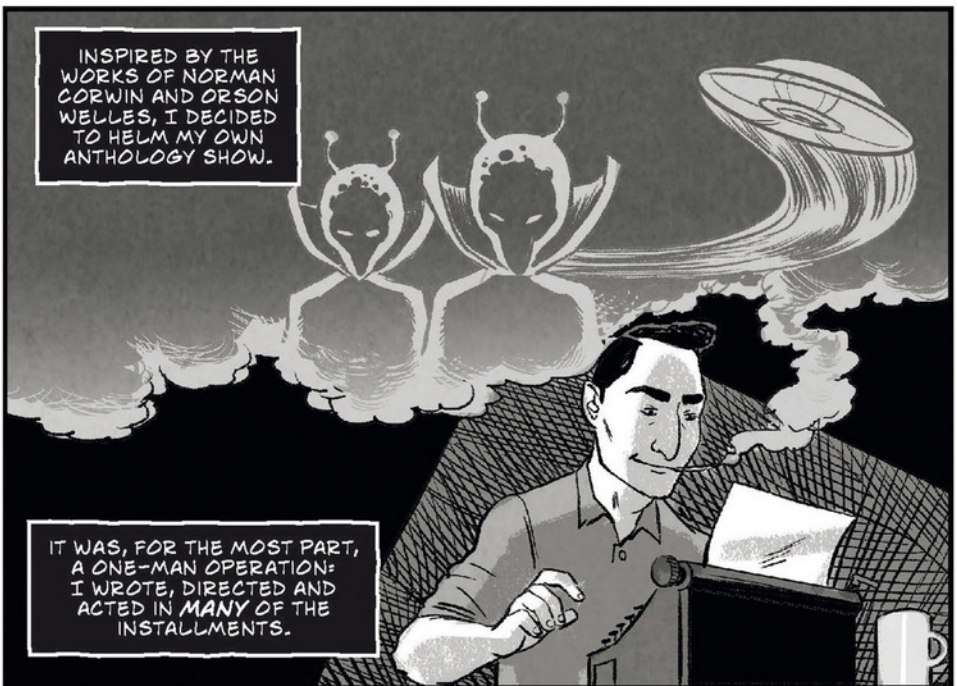
WE MOVED INTO A SURPLUS TRAILER  
ON CAMPUS. IT WASN'T MUCH, BUT WE  
WERE TREMENDOUSLY HAPPY TO BE  
LIVING TOGETHER.







MEANWHILE, I KEPT EXPERIMENTING AT THE SCHOOL STATION.



INSPIRED BY THE WORKS OF NORMAN CORWIN AND ORSON WELLES, I DECIDED TO HELM MY OWN ANTHOLOGY SHOW.

IT WAS, FOR THE MOST PART, A ONE-MAN OPERATION: I WROTE, DIRECTED AND ACTED IN MANY OF THE INSTALLMENTS.



YES, I BET THE KEEPER OF THE NORTH STAR THAT THE LITTLE EARTH WOULD DESTROY ITSELF BEFORE THE NEXT BILLION YEARS HAD GONE BY...AND SHE HAS.

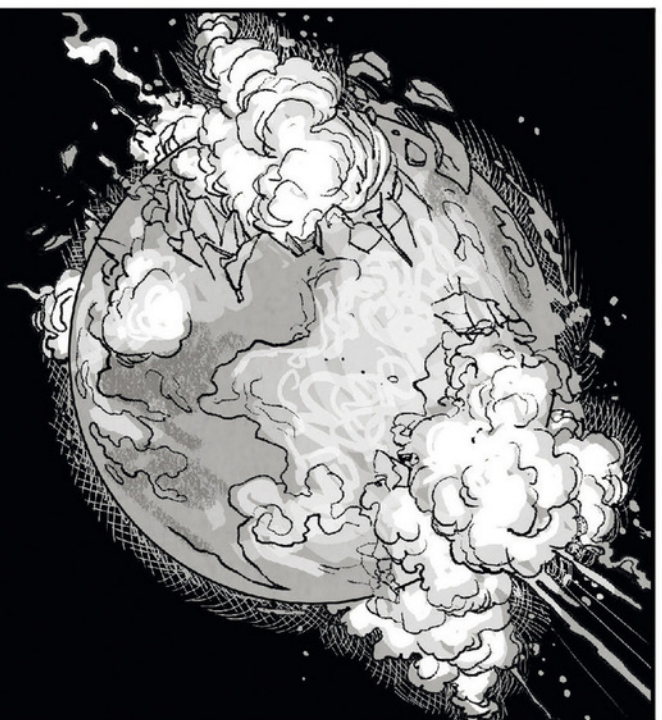


SHE SEEMS TO HAVE JUST BLOWN HERSELF UP... DISINTEGRATED... SHE NO LONGER EXISTS. TCH, TCH, PITY--SHE WAS A LOVELY LITTLE PLANET. WONDER WHAT CAUSED IT?



THAT IS A QUESTION...

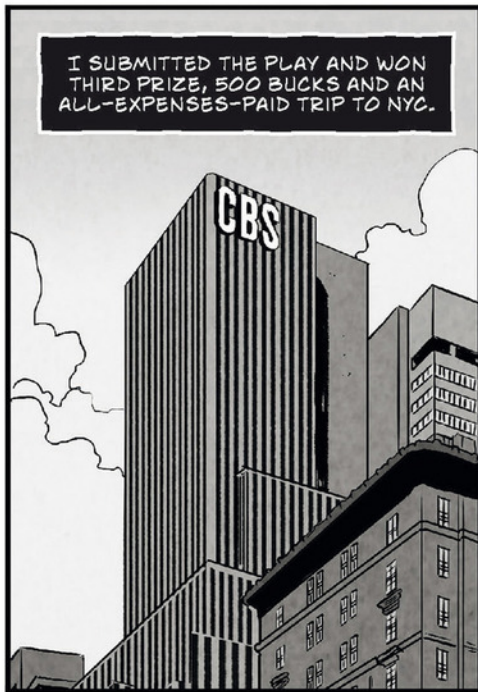
OH, WHAT AM I THINKING... I KNOW WHAT DESTROYED IT. IT HAD HUMAN BEINGS ON IT.\*



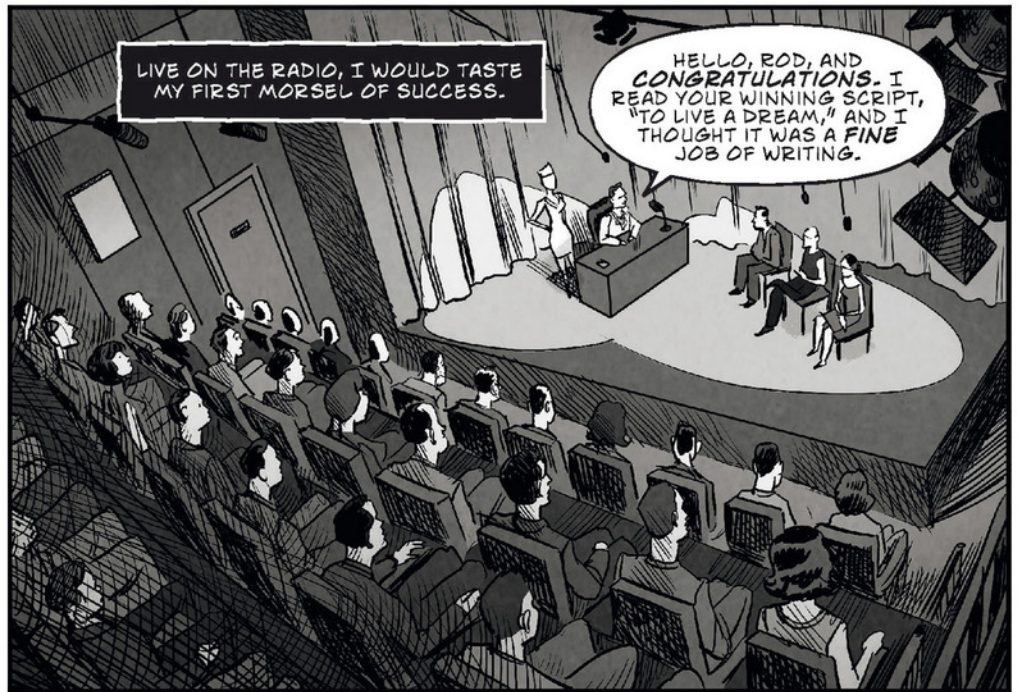








I SUBMITTED THE PLAY AND WON  
THIRD PRIZE, 500 BUCKS AND AN  
ALL-EXPENSES-PAID TRIP TO NYC.



LIVE ON THE RADIO, I WOULD TASTE  
MY FIRST MORSEL OF SUCCESS.

HELLO, ROD, AND  
CONGRATULATIONS. I  
READ YOUR WINNING SCRIPT,  
"TO LIVE A DREAM," AND I  
THOUGHT IT WAS A FINE  
JOB OF WRITING.



THANK YOU,  
MR. HERSHOLT. YOU'VE  
NO IDEA HOW THRILLED I  
AM TO KNOW THAT YOU AND  
THE JUDGES SELECTED MY  
SCRIPT AS ONE OF THE  
WINNERS.

NOW, WHERE  
DID YOU GET THE  
IDEA FOR THIS FINE  
STORY YOU  
WROTE?



WELL, I'VE ALWAYS  
BEEN FOND OF BOXING.  
TRIED MY HAND IN THE GOLDEN  
GLOVES--SINCE YOU'VE READ  
MY STORY, YOU KNOW WHERE  
IT ALL TIES IN.



INDEED I DO.  
AND DO YOU INTEND TO  
FOLLOW WRITING AS A  
PROFESSION?

I'D LIKE TO,  
MR. HERSHOLT. IN  
FACT, THE AMBITION  
OF MY WIFE  
AND I--

--AND IS  
YOUR WIFE  
SITTING OUT  
FRONT?



YES,  
SIR...RIGHT  
THERE.



WELL, WELL, YOU  
EX-G.I.'S CERTAINLY  
SPECIALIZE IN BEAUTIFUL  
BRIDES. AND NOW, BACK  
TO THAT AMBITION  
OF YOURS.

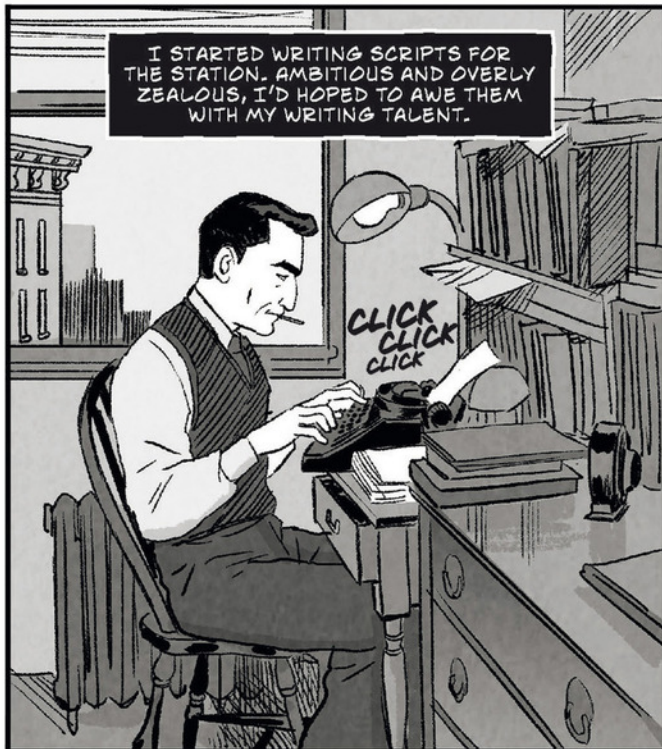


WELL, WE WANT TO  
LIVE IN A LARGE HOUSE, IN  
THE SUBURB OF A LARGE CITY,  
RAISE A FAMILY, A LOT OF  
DOGS...AND WRITE!

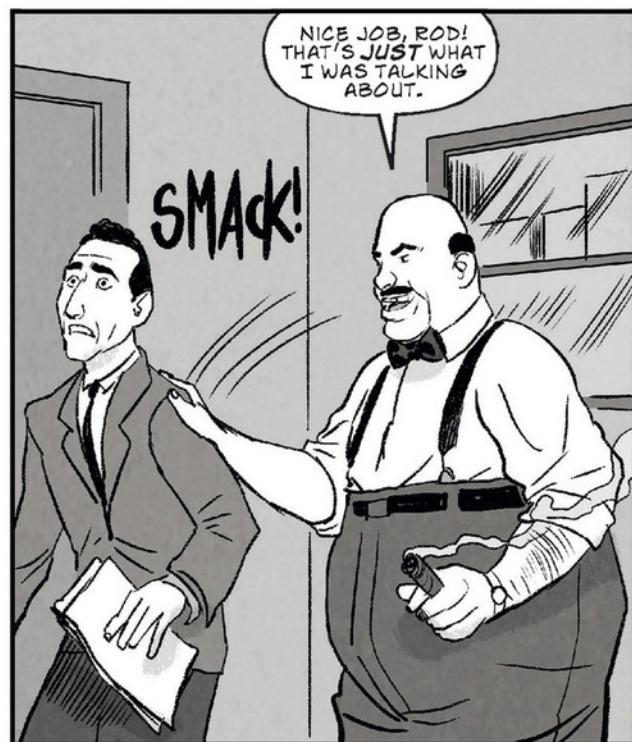
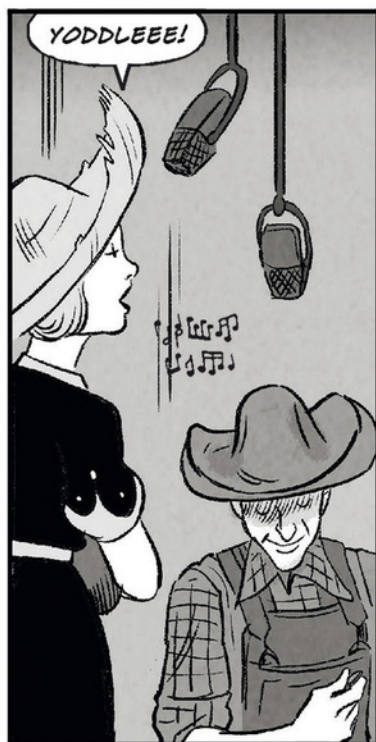












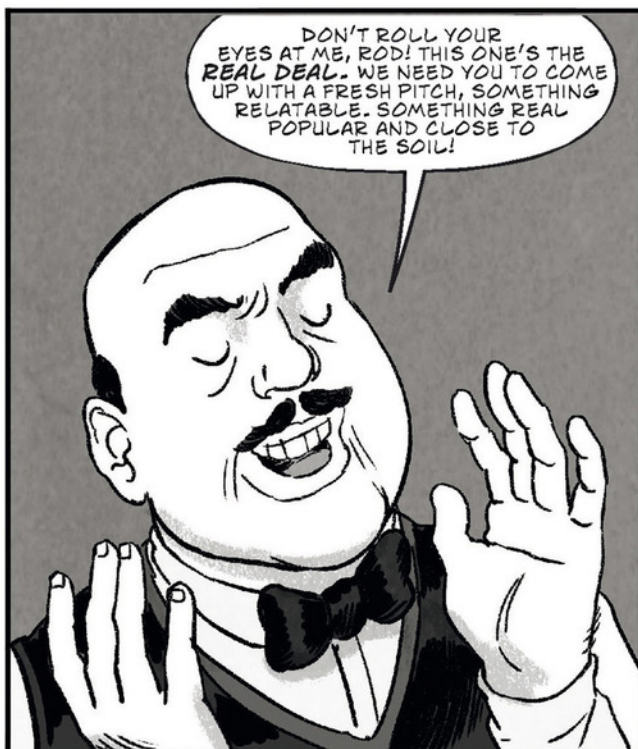
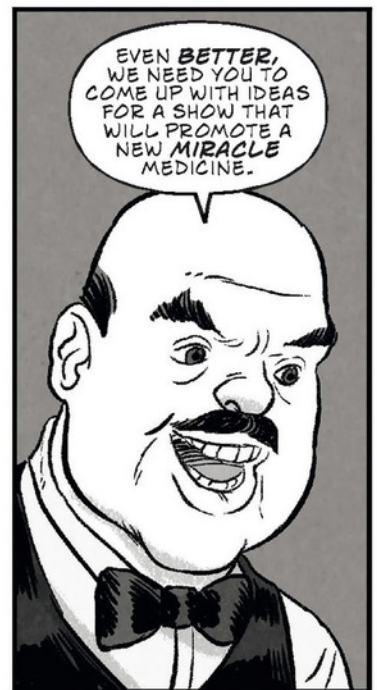














IN THE EARLY FIFTIES, TELEVISION WAS IN ITS INFANCY--A MEDIUM SEARCHING FOR DIRECTION AND FORM.



AT FIRST, TELEVISION TOOK CUES FROM ITS OLDER SISTER, RADIO, BORROWING A VARIETY OF FORMATS, INCLUDING THE ANTHOLOGY SHOW--A POPULAR FORMAT WHICH PRESENTED A DIFFERENT STORY AND CHARACTER IN EACH EPISODE.



THE EARLY ANTHOLOGY SHOWS WERE SHOT AND BROADCAST LIVE. DUE TO THE FORMAT'S LIMITATIONS, THESE "TELEPLAYS" WERE OFTEN SET IN VERY FEW LOCATIONS, AND SHOT IN A SINGLE STUDIO.



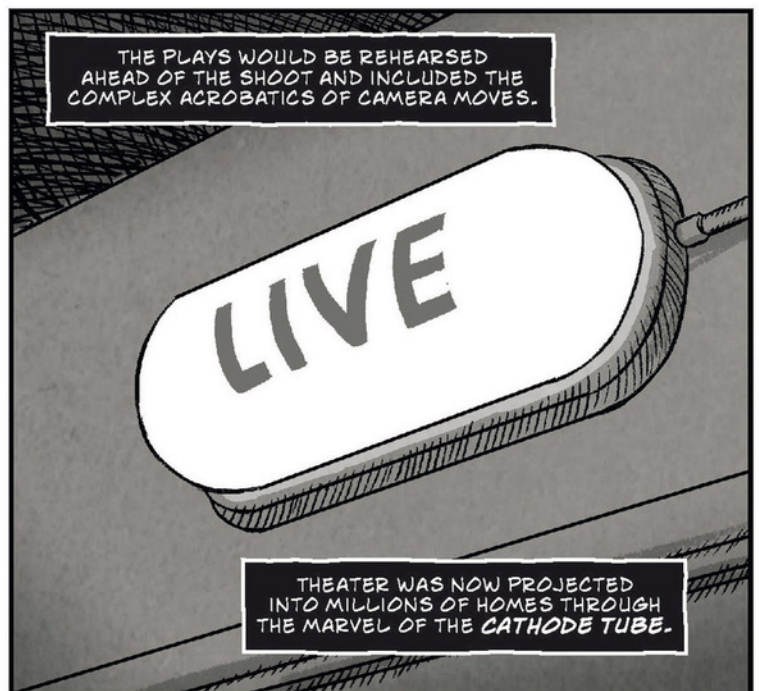
TELEVISION DRAMATISTS, SUCH AS PADDY CHAYEFSKY AND GORE VIDAL, WERE ABLE TO USE THESE LIMITATIONS TO THEIR ADVANTAGE. THEY CREATED CHARACTER-DRIVEN NARRATIVES AND INTIMATE SETTINGS THAT WERE PERFECT FOR THE SMALL SCREEN.



MA, SOONER OR LATER, THERE COMES A POINT IN A MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE'S GOTTA FACE SOME FACTS. AND ONE FACT I GOTTA FACE IS THAT, WHATEVER IT IS THAT WOMEN LIKE, I AIN'T GOT IT.

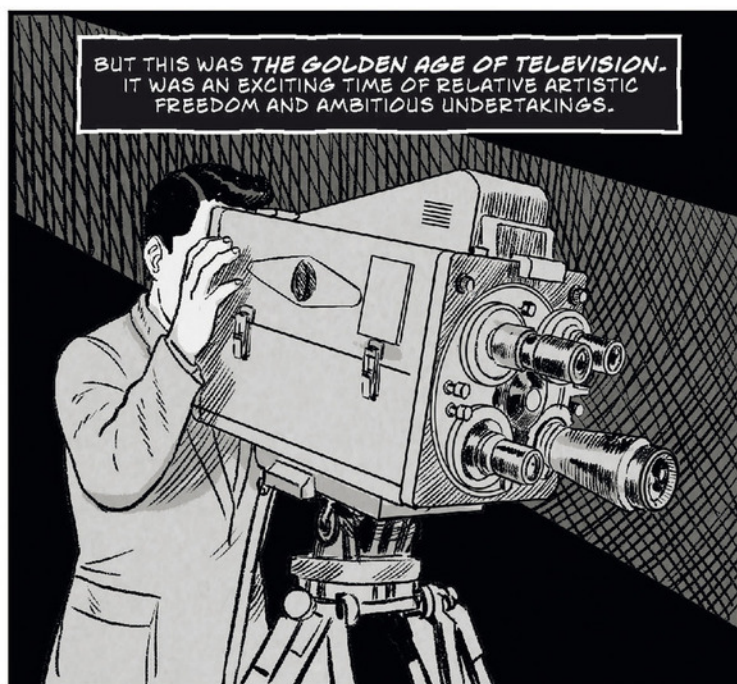


THE PLAYS WOULD BE REHEARSED AHEAD OF THE SHOOT AND INCLUDED THE COMPLEX ACROBATICS OF CAMERA MOVES.



THEATER WAS NOW PROJECTED INTO MILLIONS OF HOMES THROUGH THE MARVEL OF THE CATHODE TUBE.









IT WAS 1951. OVER THE COURSE OF TWO YEARS, I SLOWLY GAINED A STEADY FOOTING IN THE WORLD OF TELEVISION.

I WAS CONTACTED BY LITERARY AGENT BLANCHE GAINES IN NYC WHO OFFERED ME REPRESENTATION.

TAXI!



66TH AND LEX, AND STEP ON IT! WE'RE LATE FOR A MEETING.

YES, MA'AM.



FIRST OFF, WHY ARE YOU STILL LIVING IN CINCINNATI? THE ACTION IS RIGHT HERE.

WE'VE ONLY RECENTLY BOUGHT OUR HOUSE, AND WE'RE STILL PAYING THE MORTGAGE--



YOU'RE THINKING TOO SMALL, ROD. I NEED YOU TO START THINKING BIGGER!

WELL, I CAN'T JUST PACK UP AND LEAVE.

NOT YET, AT LEAST.



VERY WELL, I HOPE YOU LIKE AIRPORTS, BECAUSE YOU'LL BE JETTING HERE EVERY OTHER WEEK.

IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES.



I'LL BE WORKING TO SELL YOUR TELEPLAYS, BUT I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO START SELLING ROD SERLING.

I'LL BE YOUR "FOOT IN THE DOOR," BUT YOU GOTTA PUSH TOO! FOR STARTERS--GET YOURSELF A GOOD SUIT. THIS MID-WESTERN SCHMATTA WON'T CUT IT IN MANHATTAN.



FOUR MORE YEARS WOULD PASS. GAINES DID AS SHE PROMISED AND MY CAREER WAS MOVING FORWARD AT A STEADY PACE.

I WAS STILL LARGELY UNKNOWN, BUT MADE MY WAY INTO WRITING A FEW RESPECTABLE PROGRAMS.

ON A COLD JANUARY NIGHT IN 1955, CAROL AND I WERE OFF VISITING RELATIVES IN UPSTATE NEW YORK. A BABYSITTER WAS WATCHING OUR FIVE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, JODI.

THE KRAFT TELEVISION THEATRE COMES TO YOU LIVE FROM NEW YORK.

THE PLAY IS PERFORMED AT THE MOMENT YOU SEE IT--LIVING THEATER FOR YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT.

ONE OF MY TELEPLAYS WAS SET TO BE BROADCAST THAT NIGHT. I HAD NO IDEA OF THE IMPACT IT WOULD HAVE.

TONIGHT WE PRESENT THE FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THIRD PLAY IN THIS SERIES:

"PATTERNS" BY ROD SERLING.

"PATTERNS" TELLS THE STORY OF FRED STAPLES, AN IDEALISTIC YOUNG MAN COMING FROM OHIO TO WORK ON WALL STREET AS A JUNIOR EXECUTIVE.

HE BEGINS WORKING UNDER AN OLDER MAN, BUT SOON DISCOVERS HE'S BEING GROOMED TO REPLACE HIM BY THE COMPANY'S RUTHLESS OWNER.









"PATTERNS" IS A STORY OF POWER, AMBITION AND THE PRICE TAG THAT HANGS ON SUCCESS. IT IS ALSO A CONFLICT OF YOUTH VS. AGE. FOR EVERY MAN THAT MOVES UP, SOMEONE ELSE HAS TO MOVE OUT...

THE SHOW **HIT A NERVE**, AND WAS A BIG CRITICAL AND COMMERCIAL SUCCESS.

AUDIENCES LOVED IT SO MUCH THAT THEY DEMANDED--AND GOT--A SECOND LIVE SCREENING. A FIRST IN THE HISTORY OF TELEVISION.

"PATTERNS" TURNED ME INTO AN OVERNIGHT SUCCESS. THE OFFERS CAME LIKE A MONSOON.

I RECEIVED TWENTY-THREE OFFERS FOR TELEVISION WRITING ASSIGNMENTS.

FOURTEEN REQUESTS FOR INTERVIEWS IN LEADING MAGAZINES AND PAPERS.

THREE MOTION PICTURE SCREENWRITING ASSIGNMENTS.

TWO OFFERS FROM BROADWAY PRODUCERS.

AND TWO OFFERS TO WRITE NOVELS.

I HAD THE SAME ANSWER TO THEM ALL:

YES!



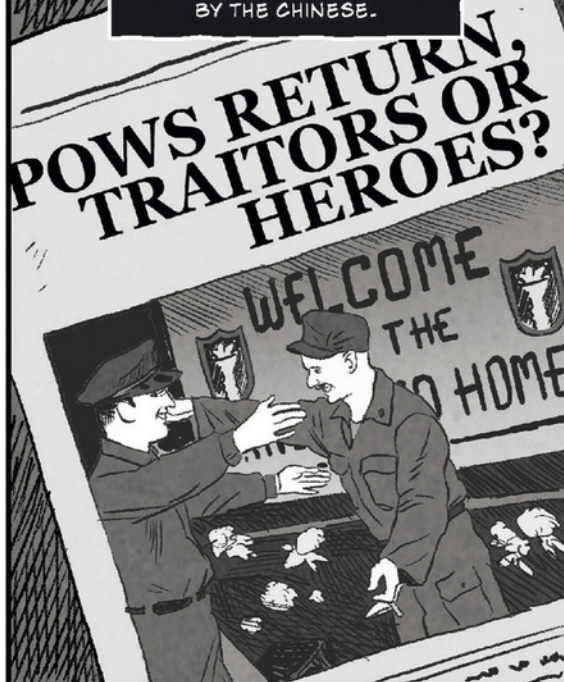




ONE OF THE TELEPLAYS SOLD WAS "THE RACK." IT WAS SET FOR PRODUCTION ON THE UNITED STATES STEEL HOUR.



I READ ABOUT KOREAN WAR P.O.W.'S WHO WERE TORTURED, BRAIN-WASHED AND FORCED INTO FALSE CONFESSIONS BY THE CHINESE.

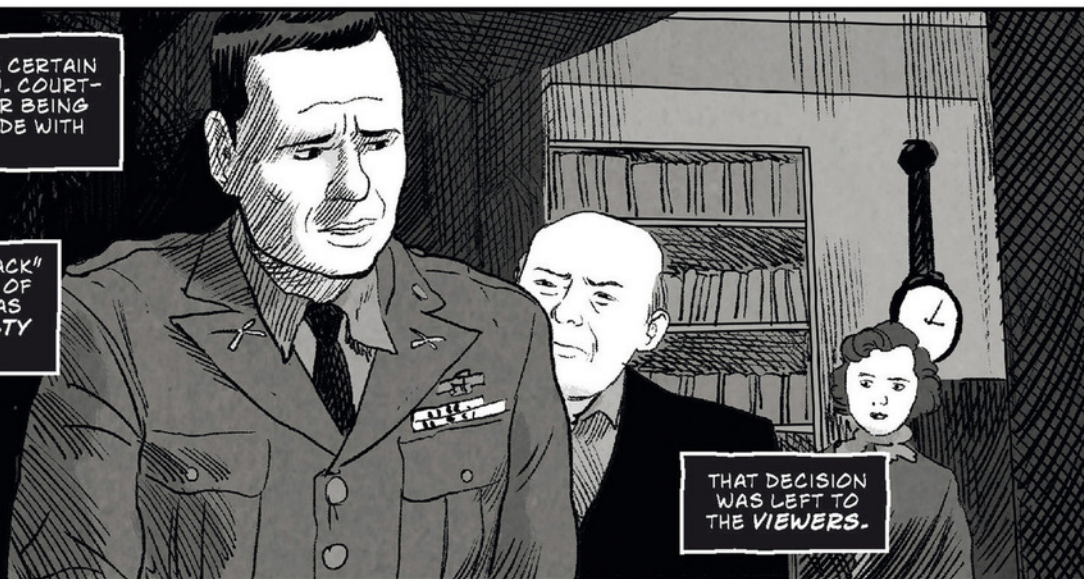


STILL HAUNTED BY MEMORIES OF WAR, AND THE GHOSTS OF MY FALLEN FRIENDS—I WAS IMMEDIATELY STRUCK BY THE POTENTIAL OF THE STORY.



I WROTE OUT A SCRIPT ABOUT A CERTAIN CAPTAIN EDWARD HALL--A P.O.W. COURT-MARTIALED FOR TREASON AFTER BEING TORTURED AND FORCED TO SIDE WITH THE ENEMY.

THE MORALITY OF "THE RACK" WAS PAINTED IN SHADES OF GREY. CAPTAIN HALL WAS NEITHER CLEARLY GUILTY NOR INNOCENT.



THAT DECISION WAS LEFT TO THE VIEWERS.

COWARDICE DOES NOT OCCUR WHERE BRAVERY ENDS. IT IS NOT EITHER OR.

FOR IF IT WERE, ALL MEN WOULD BE HEROES OR COWARDS.



I HUMBLY SUBMIT TO THE COURT THAT THERE MUST BE AN IN-BETWEEN.





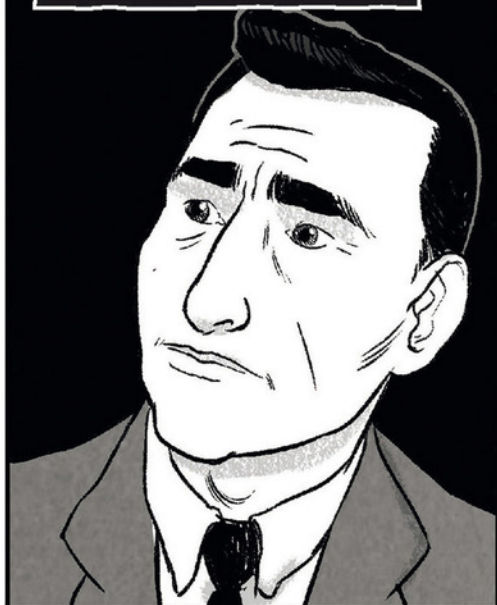
# PATTERNS

## THE RACK

DESPITE PUTTING IN MY BEST EFFORTS, "THE RACK" WAS A **DISAPPOINTMENT**, AND RECEIVED A LUKEWARM REACTION FROM THE PRESS.



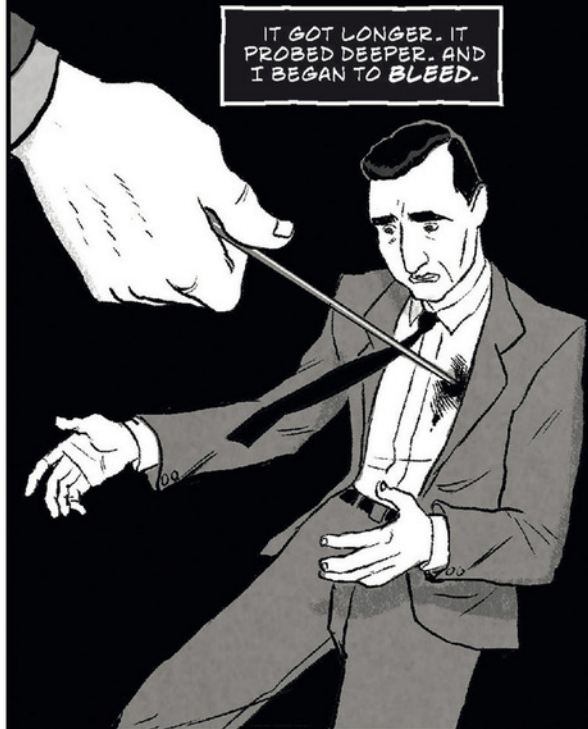
THE FIRST REVIEWS AFTER "PATTERNS" WERE CHARITABLE, AS IF THE CRITICS WERE WARY OF THROWING BRICKS AT A SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR.



BUT AFTER TIME, WHEN THE COMPARISONS WITH "PATTERNS" WERE OBVIOUSLY NEGATIVE, THE NEEDLE WAS UNSHEATHED.



IT GOT LONGER. IT PROBED DEEPER. AND I BEGAN TO BLEED.



"GARRITY'S SON"

"THE CHAMPION"

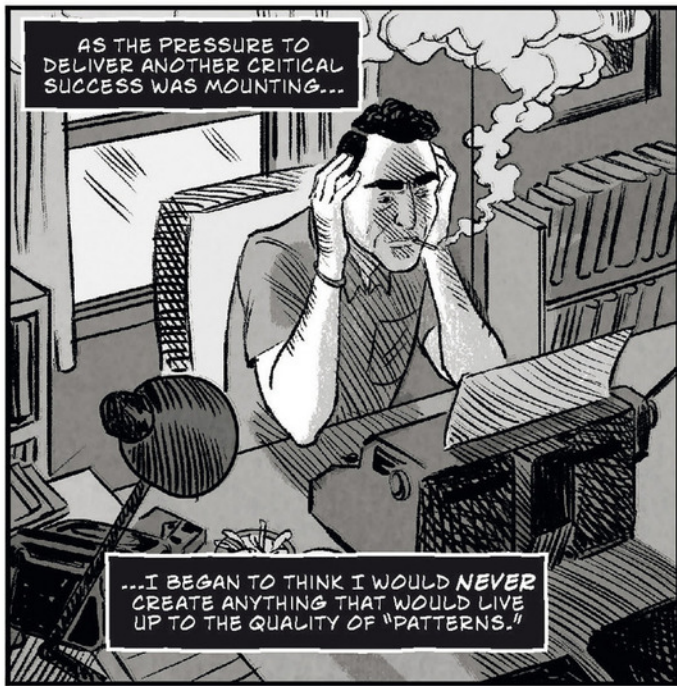
"TO WALK AT MIDNIGHT"



WITH EACH NEW REVIEW, THE BLEEDING GOT WORSE.







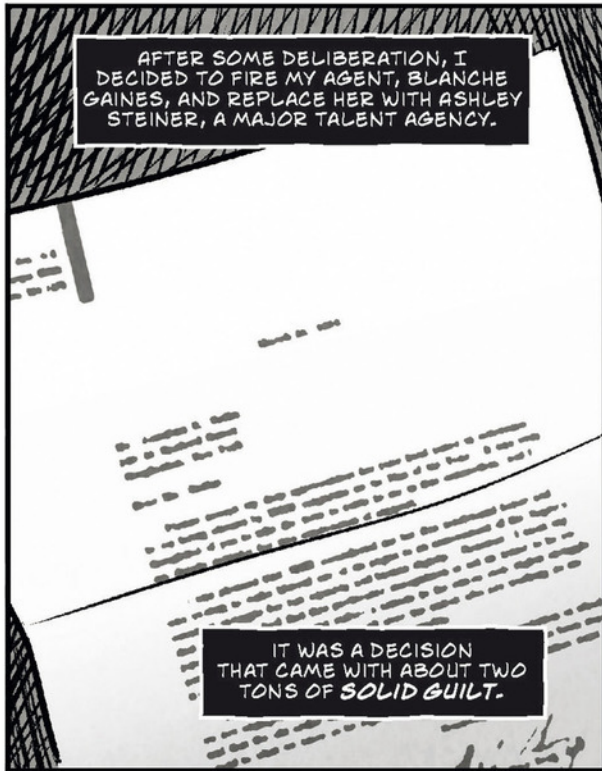
AS THE PRESSURE TO DELIVER ANOTHER CRITICAL SUCCESS WAS MOUNTING...

...I BEGAN TO THINK I WOULD **NEVER** CREATE ANYTHING THAT WOULD LIVE UP TO THE QUALITY OF "PATTERNS."



ALL THE WHILE, I WAS STILL INUNDATED WITH THE TOWERING MOUNTAIN OF PROJECTS I'D ACCEPTED.

I DECIDED SOME MAJOR CHANGES WERE DUE.

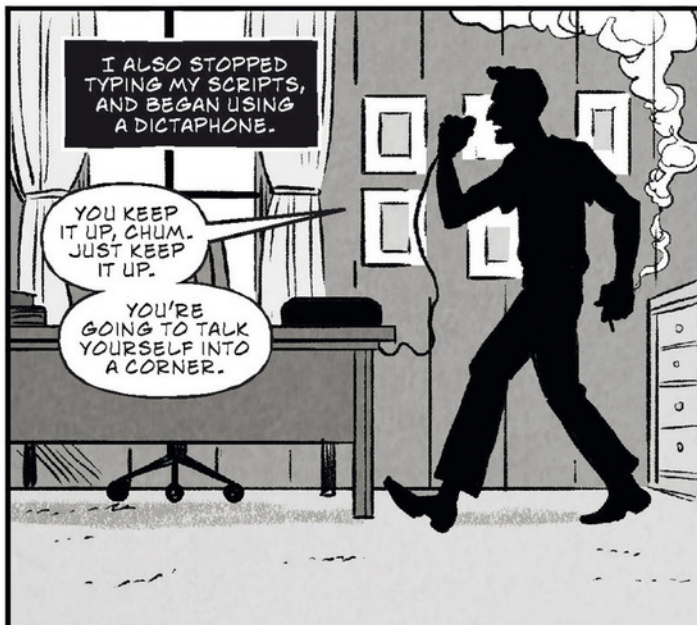


AFTER SOME DELIBERATION, I DECIDED TO FIRE MY AGENT, BLANCHE GAINES, AND REPLACE HER WITH ASHLEY STEINER, A MAJOR TALENT AGENCY.

IT WAS A DECISION THAT CAME WITH ABOUT TWO TONS OF **SOLID GUILT**.



BLANCHE HAD BEEN THERE FOR ME FROM THE START, BUT AT THIS POINT, SHE WAS UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE SHEER **SCOPE** OF MY PROJECTS.



I ALSO STOPPED TYPING MY SCRIPTS, AND BEGAN USING A DICTAPHONE.

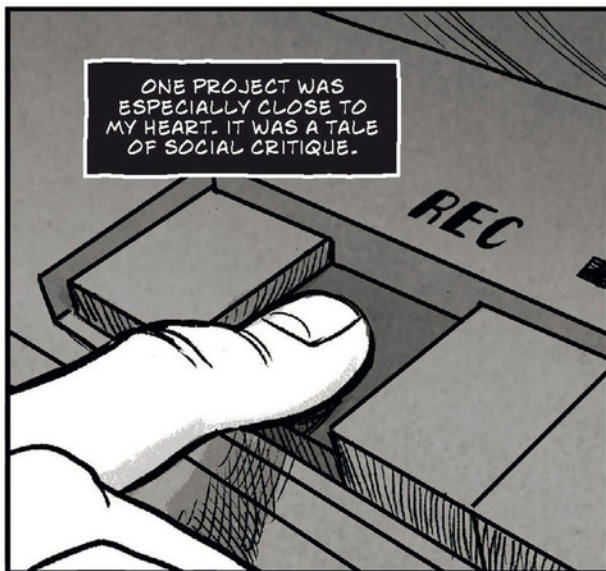
YOU KEEP IT UP, CHUM. JUST KEEP IT UP.

YOU'RE GOING TO TALK YOURSELF INTO A CORNER.

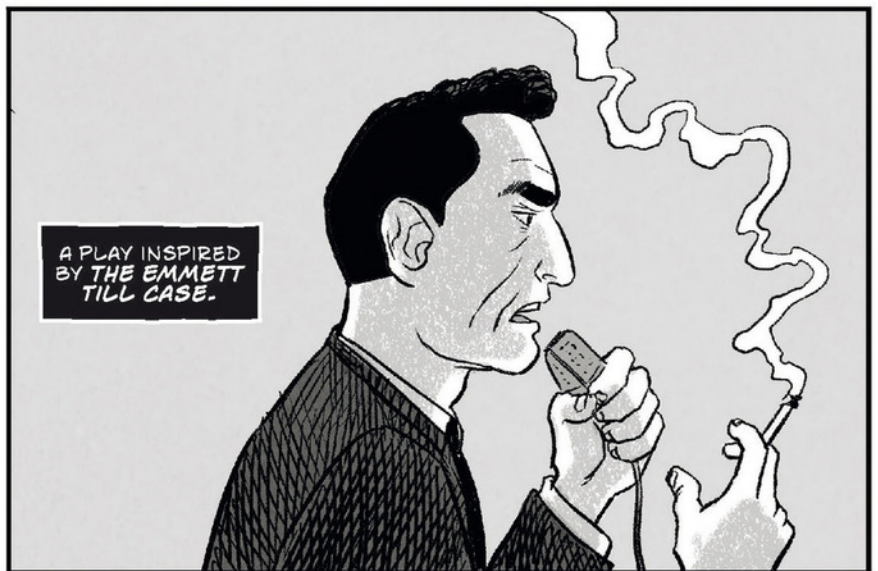


I WAS NOW ABLE TO GENERATE SCRIPTS FASTER THAN EVER.





ONE PROJECT WAS ESPECIALLY CLOSE TO MY HEART. IT WAS A TALE OF SOCIAL CRITIQUE.

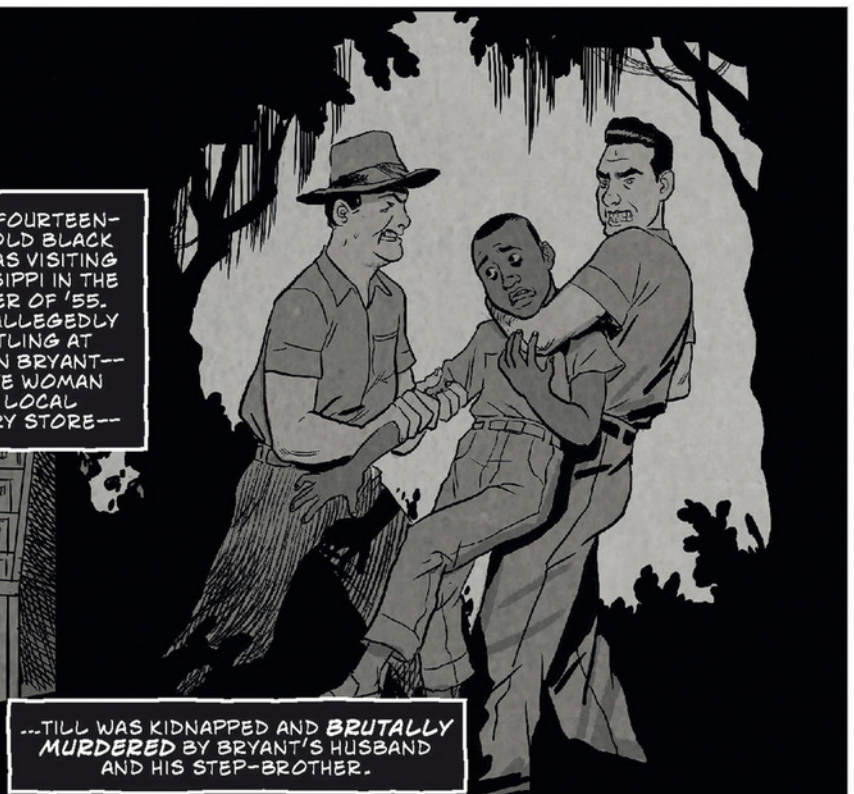


A PLAY INSPIRED BY THE EMMETT TILL CASE.



WHEN THE STORY FIRST APPEARED, I WAS SHOCKED AND HORRIFIED BY THE WHOLE AFFAIR.

TILL, A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BLACK BOY, WAS VISITING MISSISSIPPI IN THE SUMMER OF '55. AFTER ALLEGEDLY WHISTLING AT CAROLYN BRYANT-- A WHITE WOMAN IN A LOCAL GROCERY STORE--



...TILL WAS KIDNAPPED AND **BRUTALLY MURDERED** BY BRYANT'S HUSBAND AND HIS STEP-BROTHER.



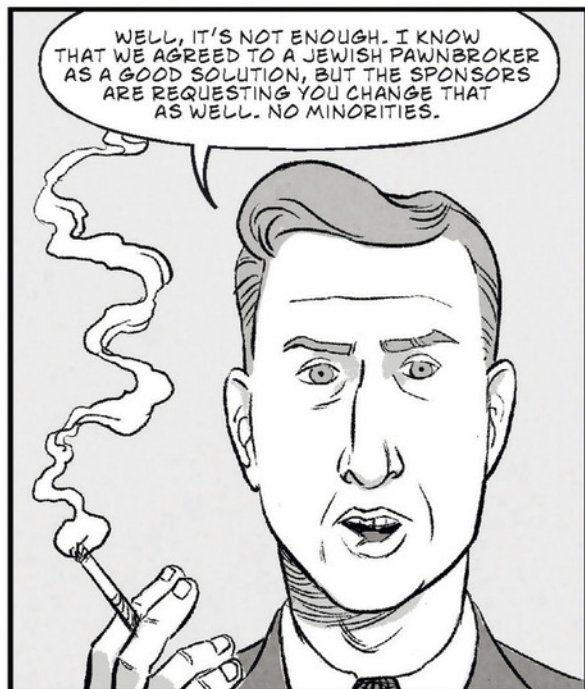
AFTER THE BOY'S BODY EMERGED FROM THE TALLAHATCHIE RIVER, THE TWO WERE PUT ON TRIAL, THEN PROMPTLY ACQUITTED BY AN **ALL WHITE JURY**.



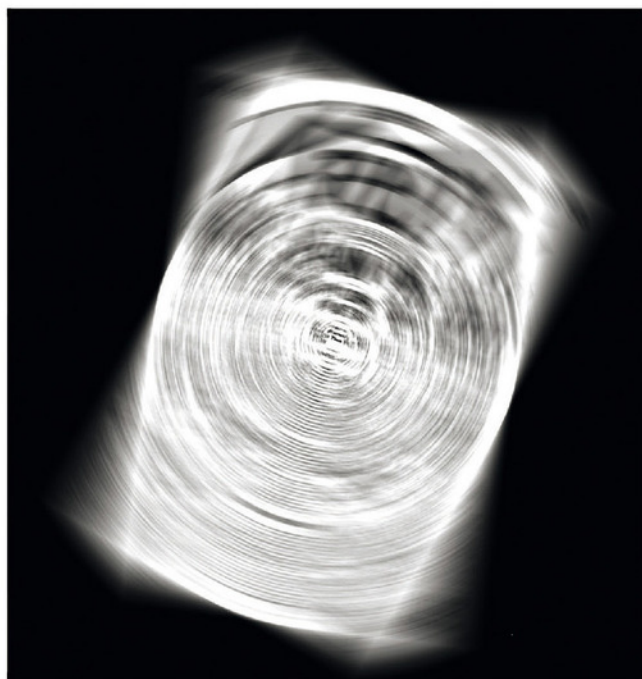
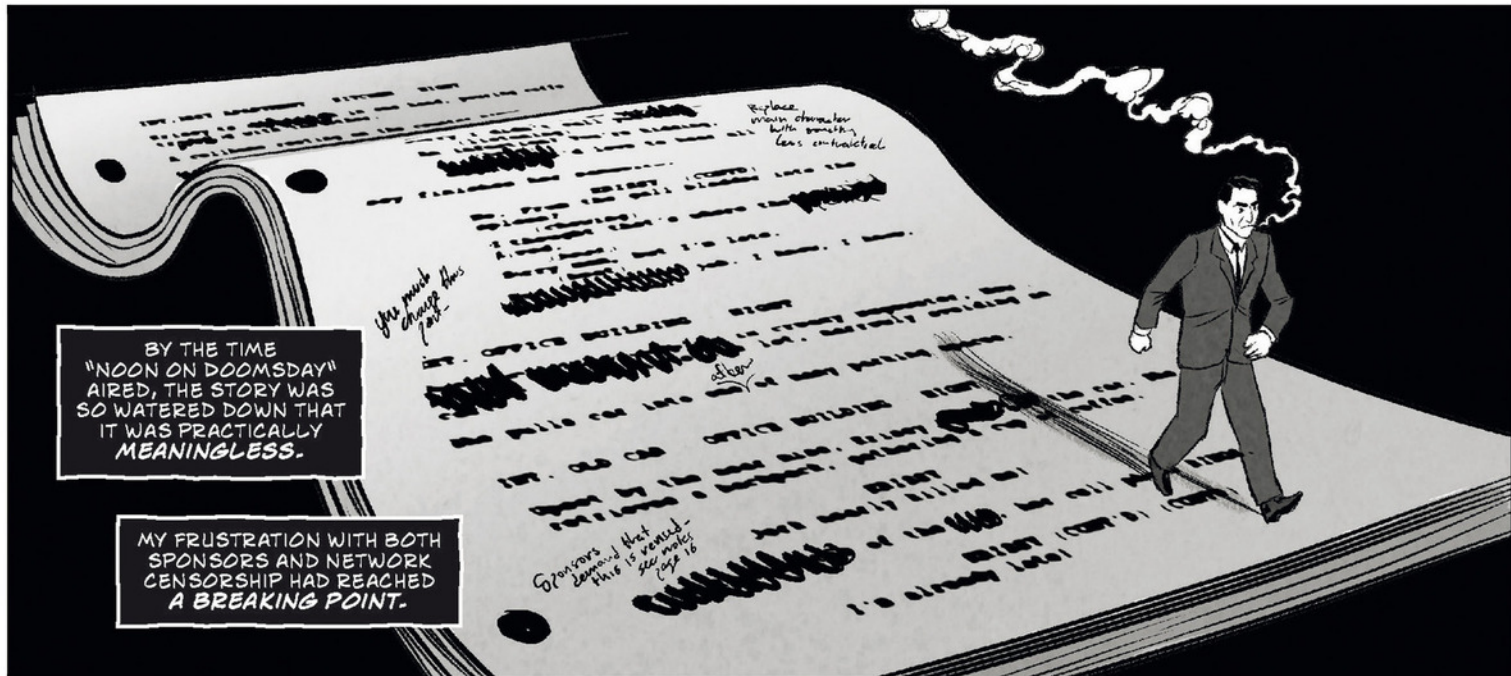






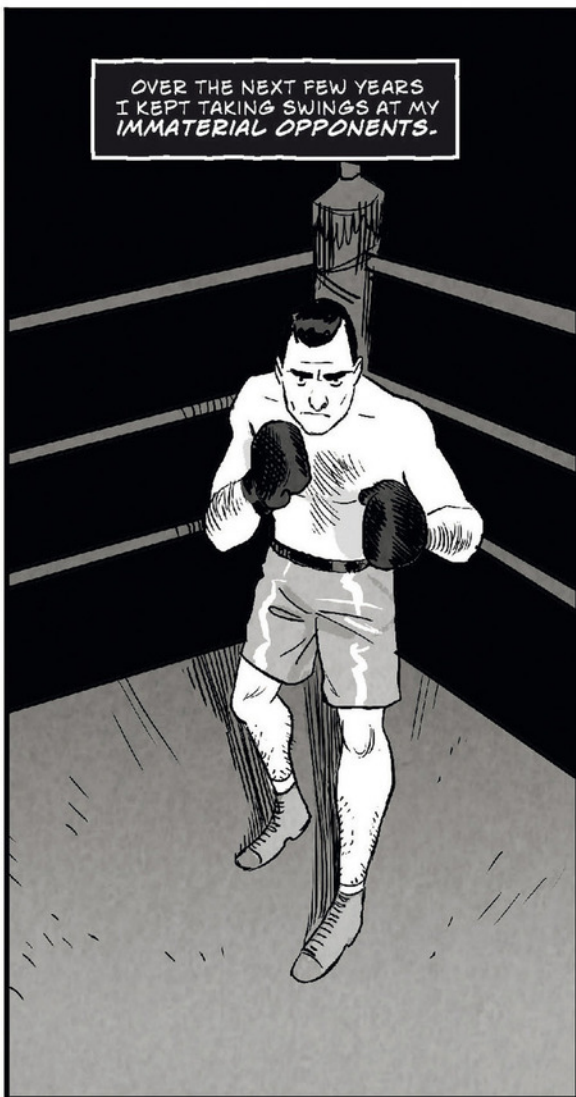








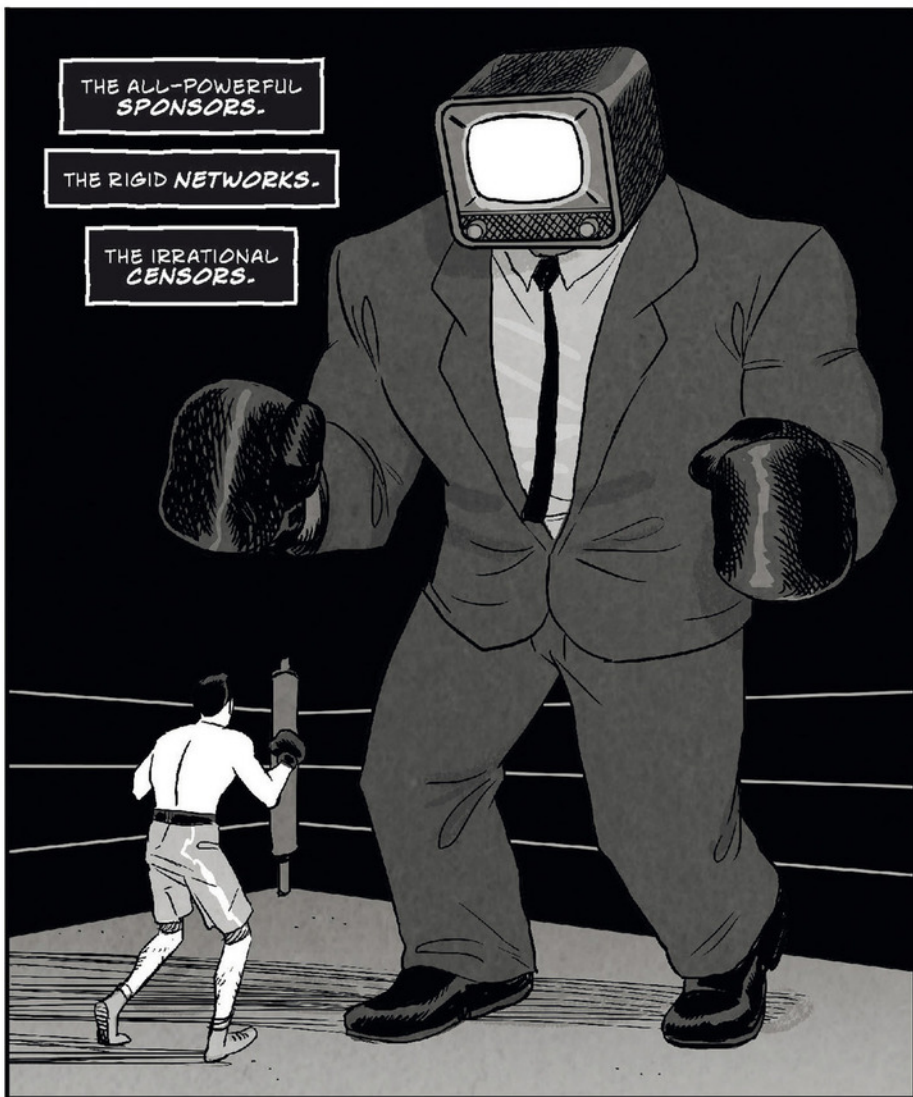
OVER THE NEXT FEW YEARS  
I KEPT TAKING SWINGS AT MY  
IMMATERIAL OPPONENTS.



THE ALL-POWERFUL  
SPONSORS.

THE RIGID NETWORKS.

THE IRRATIONAL  
CENSORS.



BUT IT WAS  
POINTLESS.

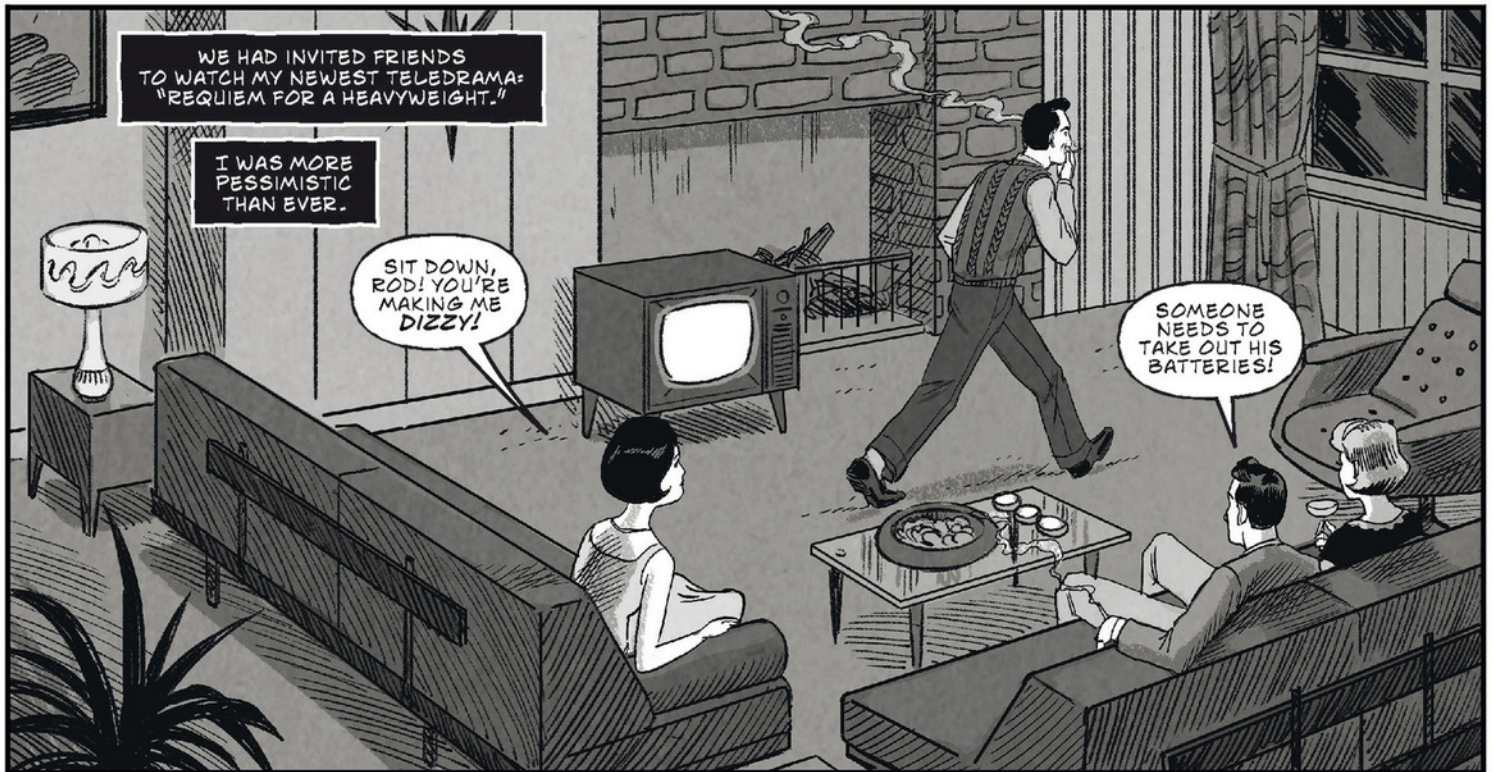
I COULDN'T  
BEAT THE  
SYSTEM FROM  
WITHIN.



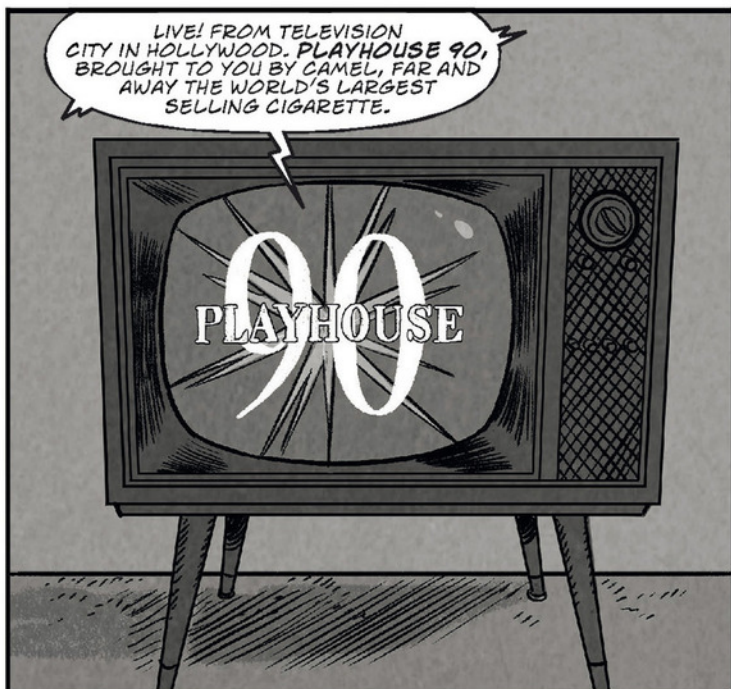
I HAD TO FIND A WAY TO MAKE  
SOMETHING BRILLIANT, DESPITE  
ALL THE LIMITATIONS.











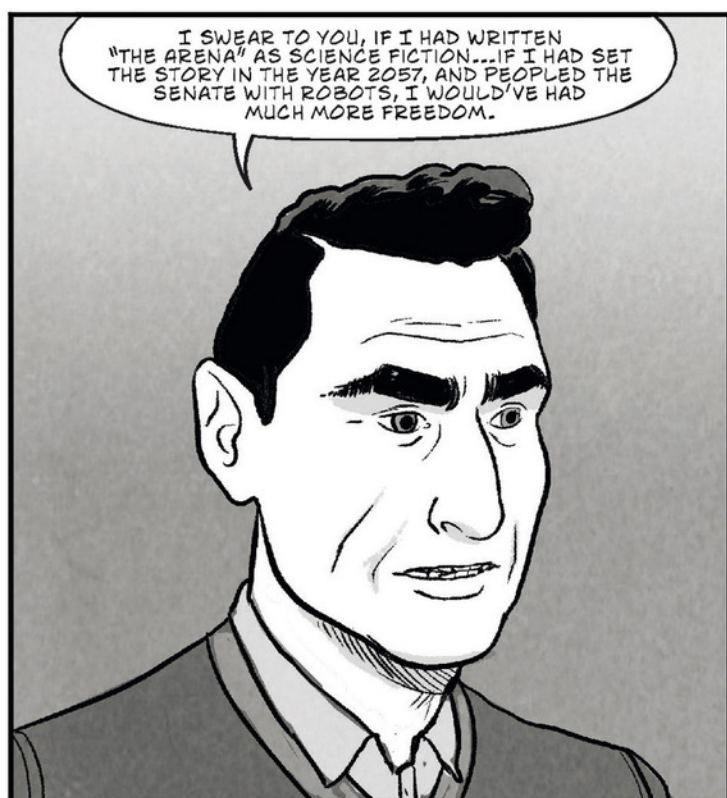




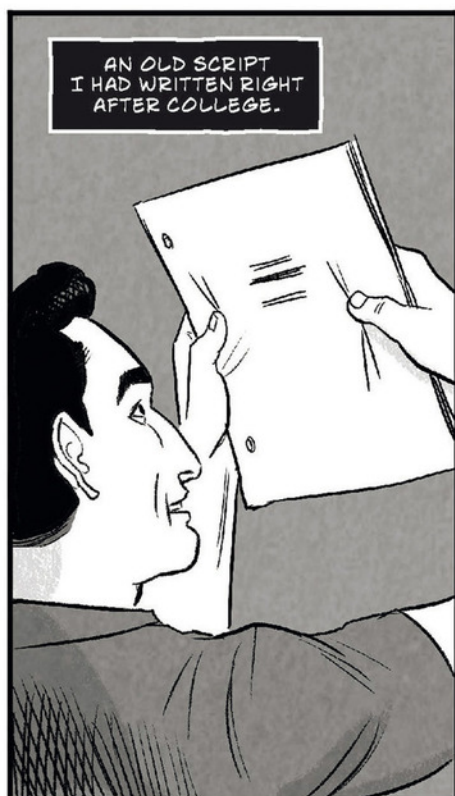




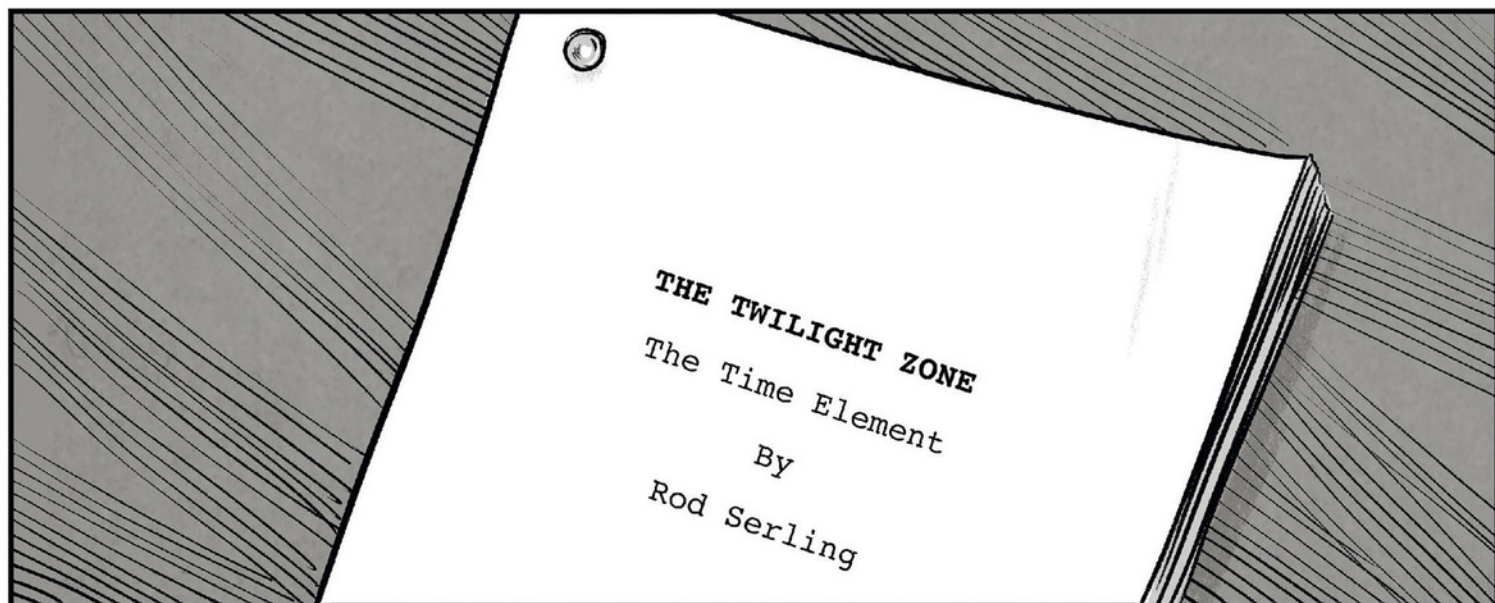




















**PART III**

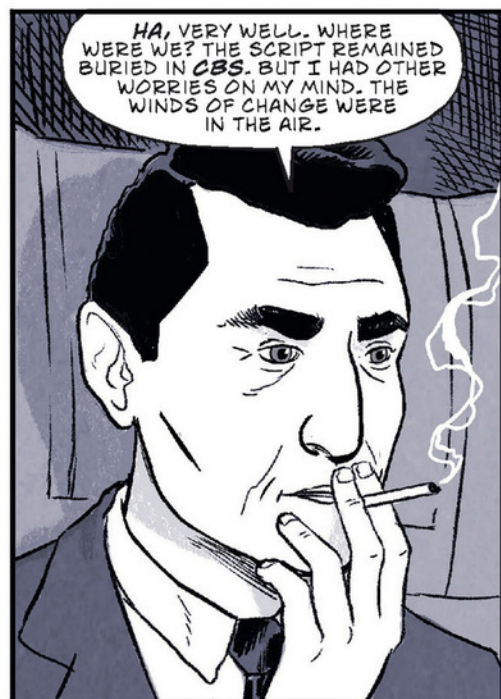








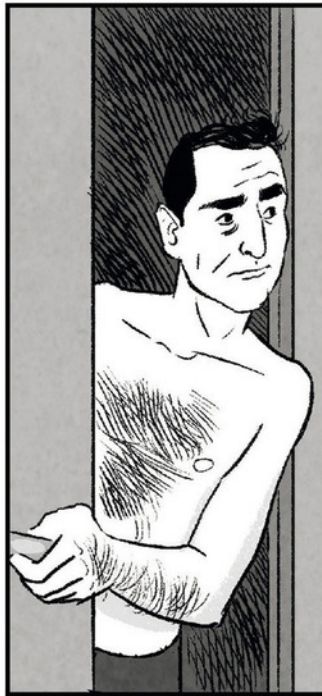




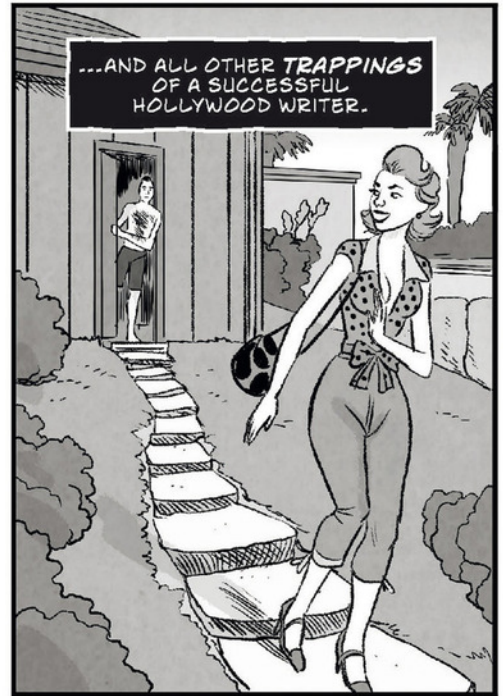


BY LATE '57, I HAD BECOME A PROUD RESIDENT OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES...

WITH A NINE-BEDROOM MANSION IN THE PACIFIC PALISADES, COMPLETE WITH A TENNIS COURT, POOL...



...AND ALL OTHER TRAPPINGS OF A SUCCESSFUL HOLLYWOOD WRITER.



BUBBLELAND, AS I LIKED TO CALL IT, HAD GOTTEN TO ME FASTER THAN A PIRANHA AFTER A BLEEDING LIMB.

YOU KNOW HOW THEY DO IT, ERNIE?

THEY GIVE YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK...



...AND THEY KEEP ON GIVING YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK UNTIL THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED TO LIVE ON.



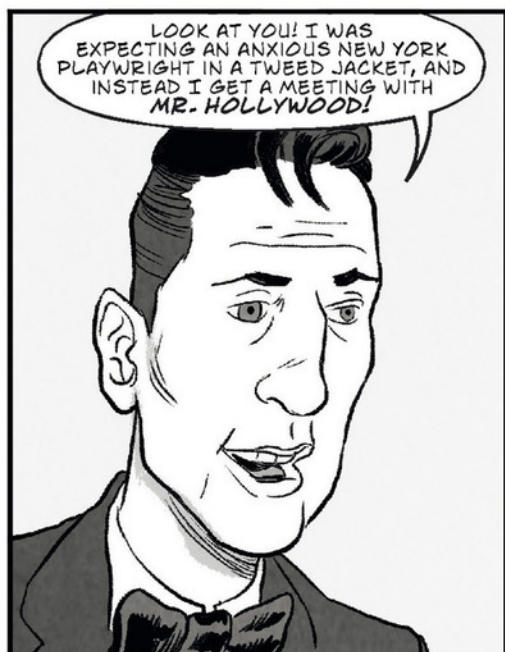
"AND AFTER THAT..."



"...YOU LIVE EVERY DAY AFRAID THAT THEY'LL TAKE IT AWAY FROM YOU."\*















GRANET  
WASTED  
NO TIME.



HE WENT OUT TO CBS AND  
BOUGHT OUT MY SCRIPT FOR  
THE HIGH SUM OF \$10,000.



THE SCRIPT WAS ADDED TO THE  
PRODUCTION SCHEDULE, BUT  
IMMEDIATELY ENCOUNTERED  
RESISTANCE FROM McCANN-  
ERICKSON, THE AGENCY  
REPRESENTING THE SHOW'S  
SPONSORS.



THIS IS AN  
ABSOLUTE FIRM  
NO FROM US,  
BRET.

I'M MAKING  
THIS SHOW HAPPEN!  
YOU PROMISED ME  
CONTROL OVER  
CONTENT!



McCANN-ERICKSON WENT AS FAR AS FLYING  
SOME SUITS TO LA IN AN ATTEMPT TO PERSUADE  
GRANET TO DROP THE WHOLE THING.

PEARL  
HARBOR  
IS STILL A  
TOUCHY  
SUBJECT!

AND  
WHAT'S WITH  
THAT STRANGE  
ENDING? IT'S  
TOO AVANT-  
GARDE.

VIEWERS  
WILL GET  
CONFUSED.



LISTEN GUYS, I LIKE IT.  
THERE'S NOTHING TO BE CONFUSED  
ABOUT: IT'S A FUN PIECE OF  
ENTERTAINMENT!

STOP  
BEING AFRAID  
OF YOUR OWN  
SHADOW.



THERE WAS NO ARGUING  
WITH DESI ARNAZ.

YOU  
HEARD  
THE MAN.

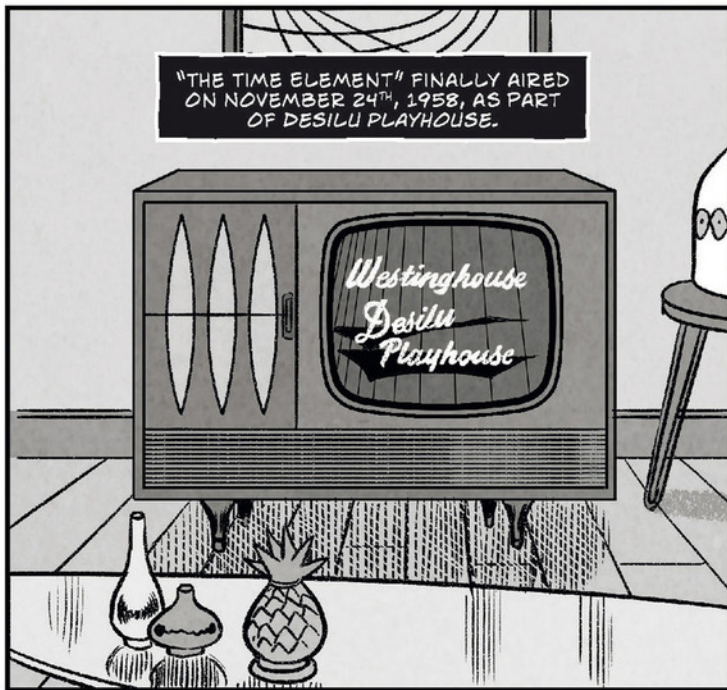


ROD, I HAVE GOOD NEWS  
FOR YOU. AFTER A SERIOUS  
UPHILL BATTLE, I MANAGED  
TO GREENLIGHT "THE TIME  
ELEMENT"!

McCANN-ERICKSON SWORE  
TO GRANET THAT HE'D NEVER  
PRODUCE ANOTHER SCIENCE-  
FICTION SHOW AGAIN.

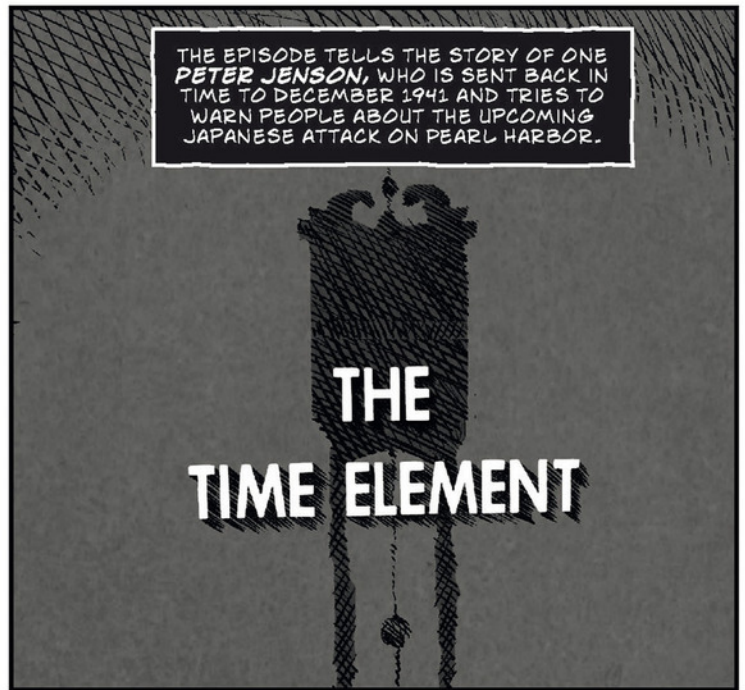


"THE TIME ELEMENT" FINALLY AIRED  
ON NOVEMBER 24<sup>TH</sup>, 1958, AS PART  
OF DESILU PLAYHOUSE.



THE EPISODE TELLS THE STORY OF ONE  
**PETER JENSON**, WHO IS SENT BACK IN  
TIME TO DECEMBER 1941 AND TRIES TO  
WARN PEOPLE ABOUT THE UPCOMING  
JAPANESE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR.

## THE TIME ELEMENT



I KNOW WHAT'S  
GONNA HAPPEN TOMORROW!  
'CAUSE TOMORROW IS DECEMBER  
7<sup>TH</sup>, 1941 TO YOU PEOPLE, BUT  
IT'S SEVENTEEN YEARS  
AGO TO ME!



I'M TELLING  
YOU THAT TOMORROW  
MORNING, WE'RE  
GONNA GET  
ATTACKED!



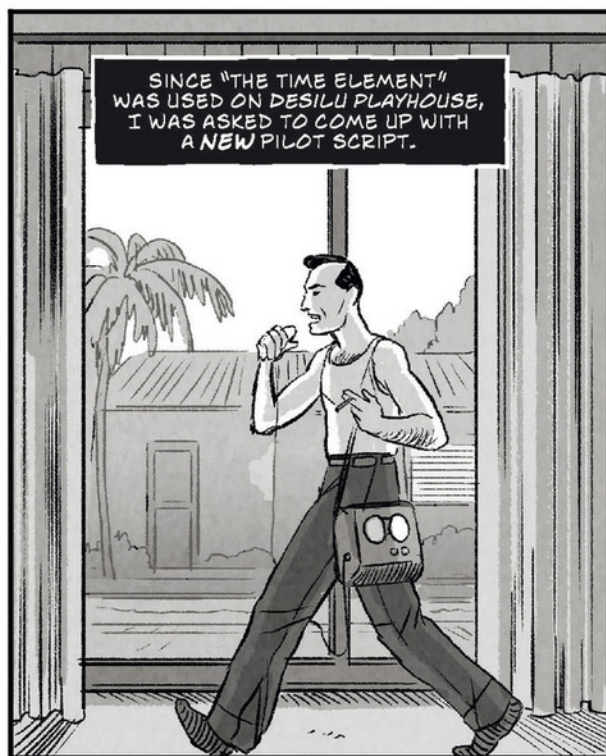
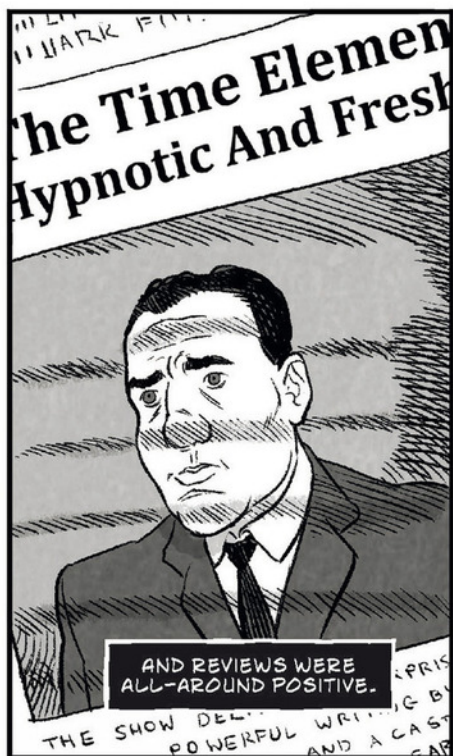
I TOLD  
YOU! I TOLD  
YOU! I TOLD  
YOU!



WHY  
WOULDN'T  
ANYONE  
LISTEN TO  
ME??











I'LL JUST WRITE A NEW PILOT.

AND SO I DID.



THE CONCEPT FOR "WHERE IS EVERYBODY" CAME TO ME WHILE WALKING THROUGH THE EMPTY LOT OF A MOVIE STUDIO.

THE PLOT DEALT WITH AN AMNESIAC WALKING THROUGH AN ABANDONED TOWN IN SEARCH OF PEOPLE. WE ULTIMATELY DISCOVER THAT HE HAS BEEN HALLUCINATING THE WHOLE TIME, AS RESULT OF AN ARMY ISOLATION EXPERIMENT.



THE PREMISE WAS SIMPLE AND STRAIGHTFORWARD. IT WOULDN'T SCARE ANY SPONSORS.



I'M SORRY, OLD BUDDY. I DON'T RECOLLECT THE NAME.

THE FACE IS VAGUELY FAMILIAR, BUT THE NAME ESCAPES ME.



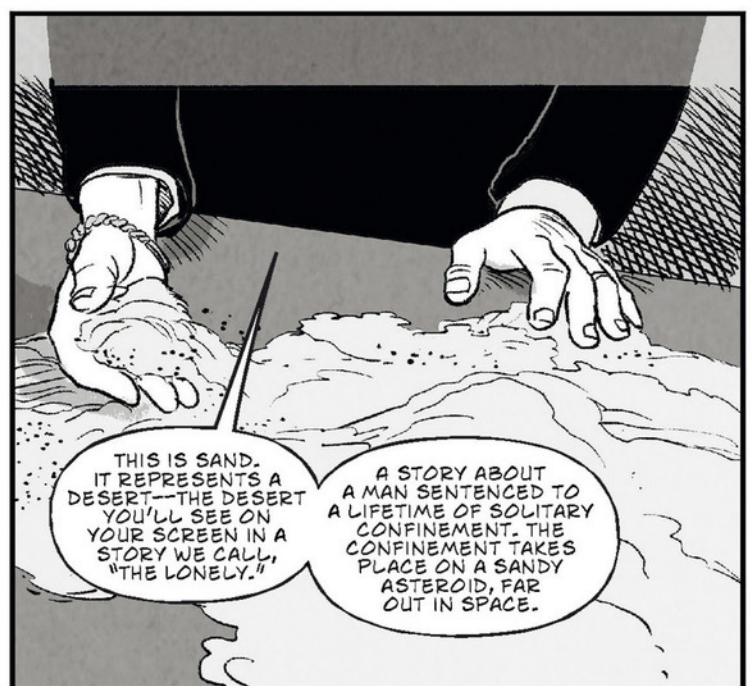
PLEASE, SOMEBODY HELP ME!

SOMEBODY HELP ME, SOMEBODY'S WATCHING ME!



"UP THERE, UP THERE IN THE VASTNESS OF SPACE, IN THE VOID THAT IS SKY...UP THERE IS AN ENEMY KNOWN AS ISOLATION. IT SITS THERE IN THE STARS, WAITING, WAITING WITH THE PATIENCE OF EONS, FOREVER WAITING...IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE."







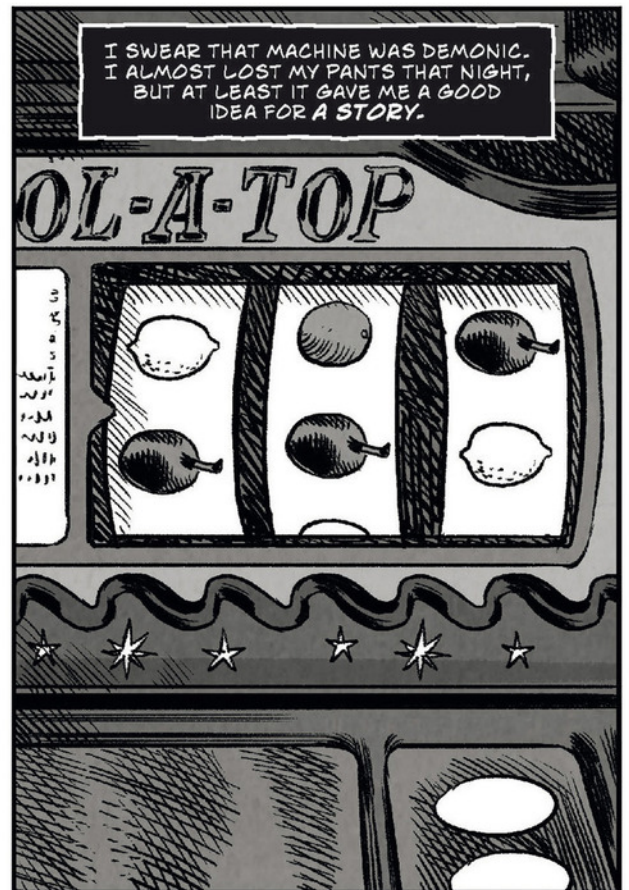


\*AFTER CAYUGA LAKE, NEW YORK, WHERE THE SERLINGS VACATED.





TO CELEBRATE  
THE NEWS, CAROL  
AND I WENT ON A  
LITTLE RETREAT.

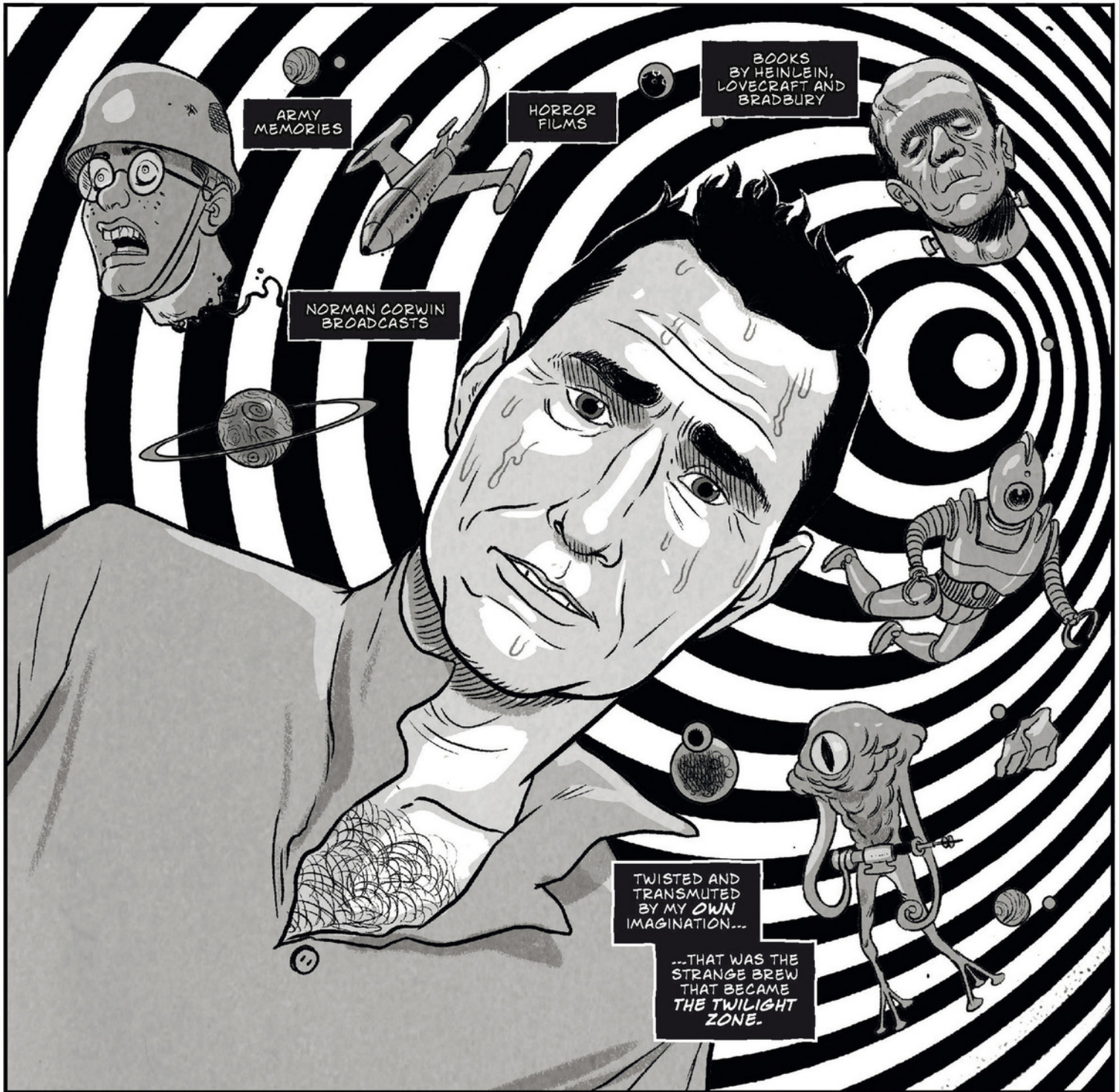






THE TWILIGHT ZONE WAS THE RESULT OF THE STRANGE CONCOCTION OF ELEMENTS BREWING IN MY SUBCONSCIOUS.

AS I AWOKE FROM MY NIGHTLY TERRORS, IDEAS WOULD SURFACE UP, AND I WOULD JOT THEM DOWN.



ARMY MEMORIES

HORROR FILMS

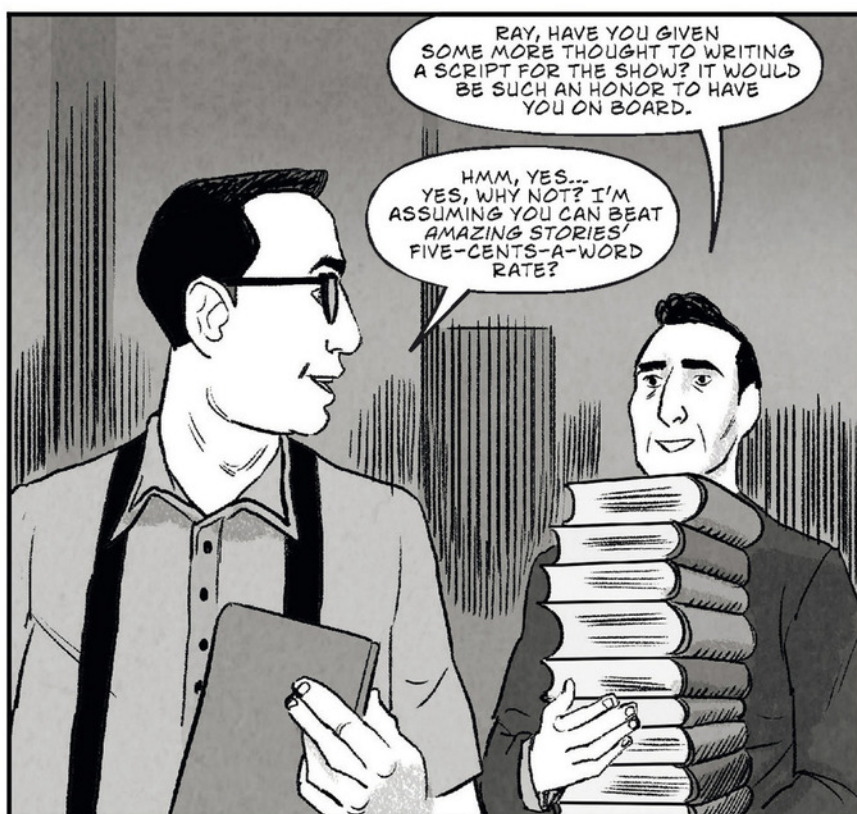
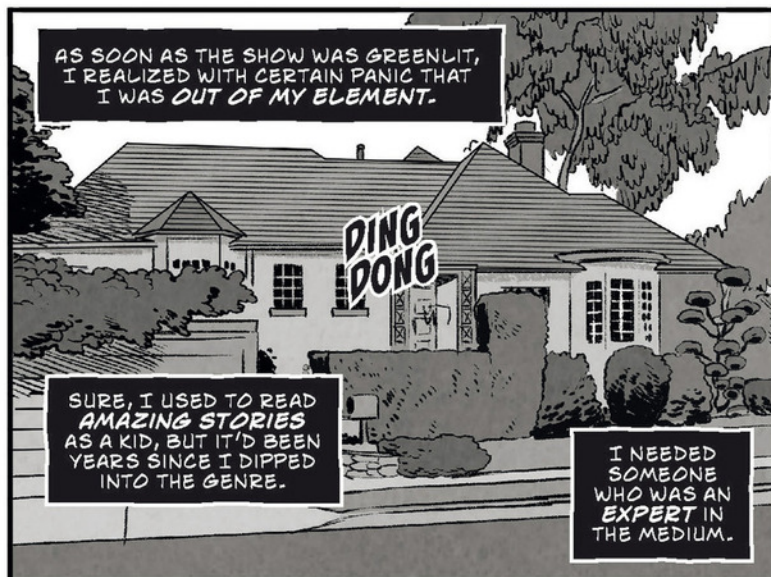
BOOKS BY HEINLEIN, LOVECRAFT AND BRADBURY

NORMAN CORWIN BROADCASTS

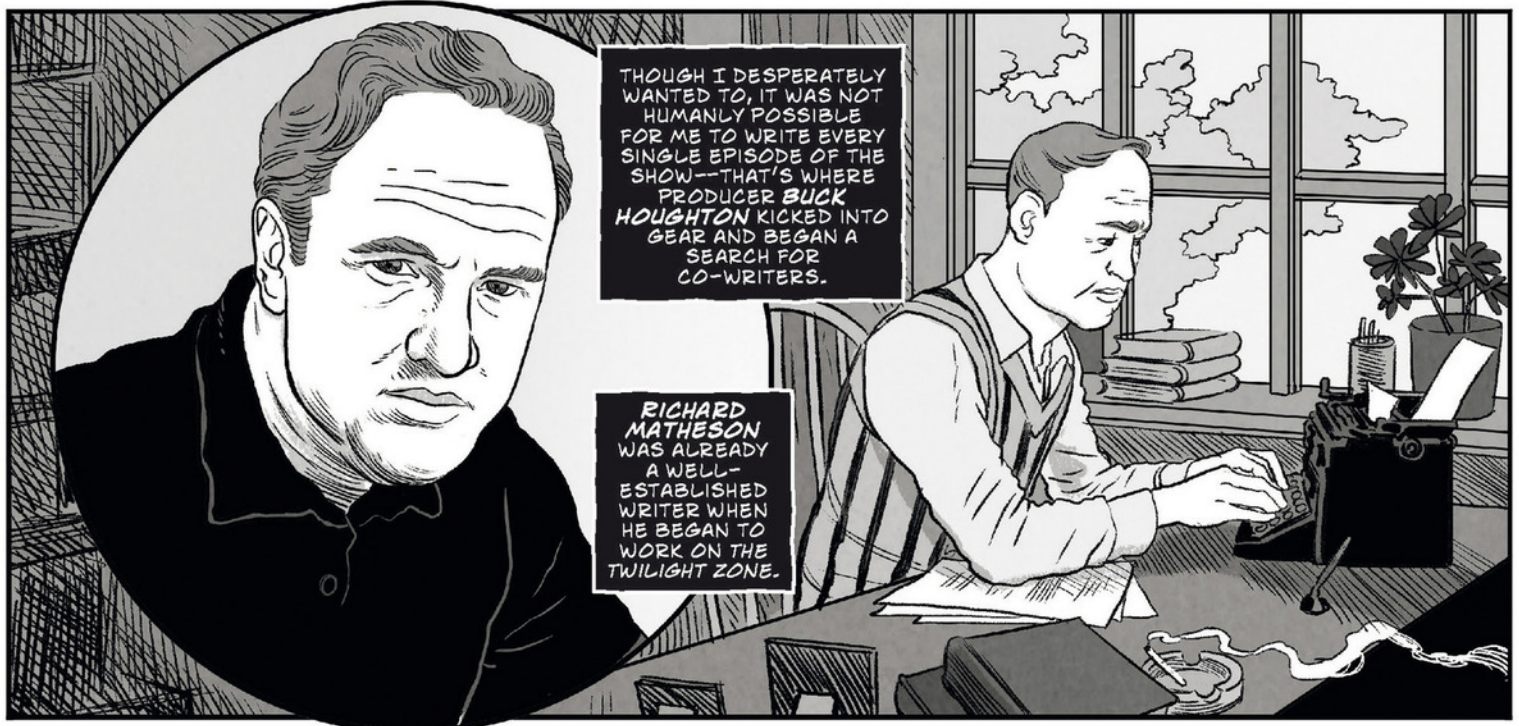
TWISTED AND TRANSMUTED BY MY OWN IMAGINATION...

...THAT WAS THE STRANGE BREW THAT BECAME THE TWILIGHT ZONE.









THOUGH I DESPERATELY WANTED TO, IT WAS NOT HUMANLY POSSIBLE FOR ME TO WRITE EVERY SINGLE EPISODE OF THE SHOW--THAT'S WHERE PRODUCER **BUCK HOUGHTON** KICKED INTO GEAR AND BEGAN A SEARCH FOR CO-WRITERS.

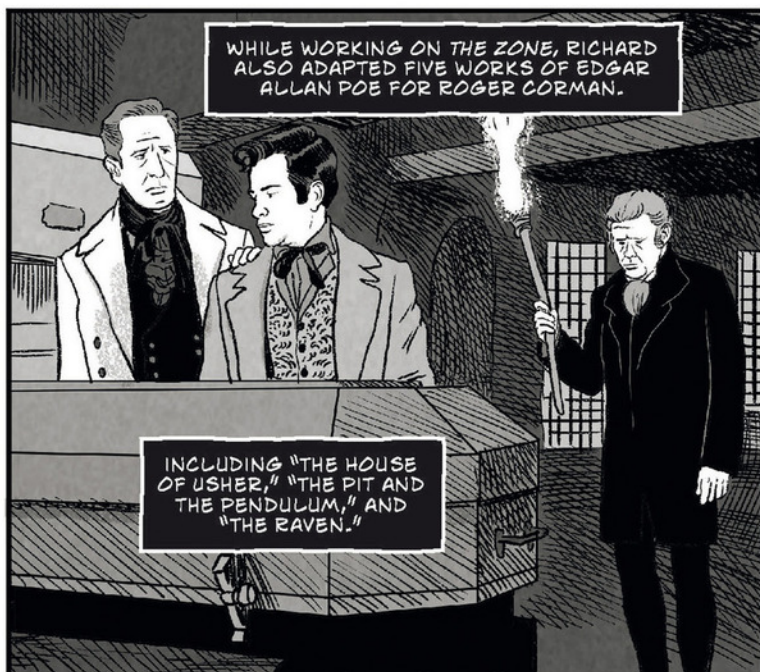
**RICHARD MATHESON** WAS ALREADY A WELL-ESTABLISHED WRITER WHEN HE BEGAN TO WORK ON *THE TWILIGHT ZONE*.



HE HAD PUBLISHED SEVERAL NOVELS, INCLUDING *I AM LEGEND* AND *THE SHRINKING MAN*--BOTH OF WHICH WOULD BE ADAPTED INTO FILMS.



HE HAD SOME TELEVISION CREDITS UNDER HIS BELT AS WELL, HAVING WRITTEN FOR WESTERNS SUCH AS *HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL*.



WHILE WORKING ON *THE ZONE*, RICHARD ALSO ADAPTED FIVE WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE FOR ROGER CORMAN.

INCLUDING "THE HOUSE OF USHER," "THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM," AND "THE RAVEN."

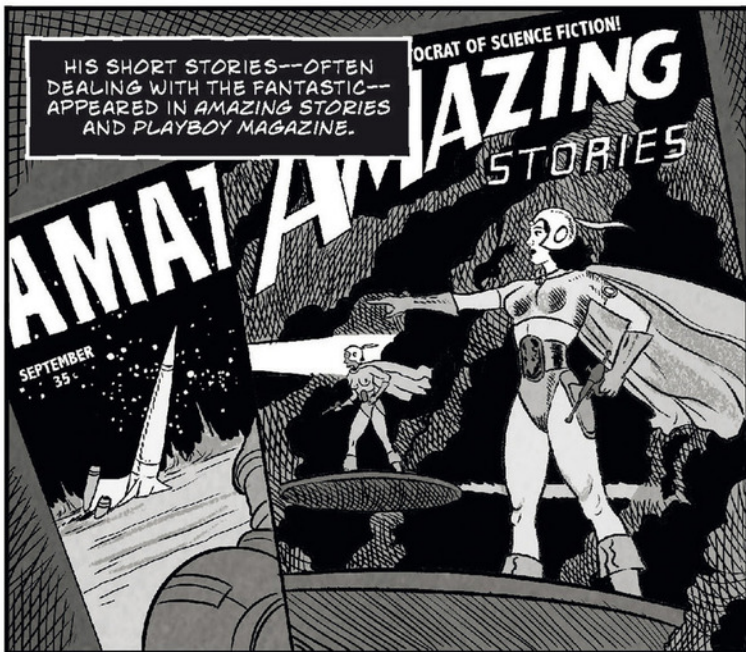


IN ALL, RICHARD WROTE SIXTEEN EPISODES OF *THE TWILIGHT ZONE*. SOME OF HIS MOST FAMOUS SCRIPTS WERE "NIGHTMARE AT 20,000 FEET" AND "STEEL."





BORN CHARLES LEROY NUTT AND  
RIDICULED FOR HIS LAST NAME,  
**CHUCK BEAUMONT** FOUND REFUGE  
IN READING SCIENCE FICTION  
AND FANTASY.



HE WOULD WRITE TWENTY-TWO  
EPISODES OF **THE TWILIGHT ZONE**,  
INCLUDING "THE HOWLING MAN,"  
AN ADAPTATION OF HIS OWN  
SHORT STORY.



CHUCK GOT  
SICK TOWARDS  
THE END OF **THE TWILIGHT ZONE**'S  
RUN. HE QUICKLY  
LOST HIS ABILITY  
TO WRITE AND  
TELL STORIES.



HE WOULD DIE YOUNG, AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-EIGHT, AFTER  
WASTING AWAY FROM ALZHEIMER'S AND PICK'S DISEASE.  
WHEN HE DIED, HE LOOKED LIKE A NINETY-YEAR-OLD MAN.



IN THE FALL OF '59, I WENT ON A MEDIA TOUR TO PROMOTE THE DEBUT OF THE TWILIGHT ZONE...

MY LAST STOP WAS THE MIKE WALLACE SHOW.

THIS IS MIKE WALLACE WITH ANOTHER TELEVISION INTERVIEW IN OUR GALLERY OF COLORFUL PEOPLE. IN TELEVISION DRAMA, FEW NAMES HAVE THE PRESTIGE OF THAT OF OUR GUEST.

ROD SERLING IS THE ONLY WRITER TO HAVE WON THREE EMMY AWARDS, FOR "REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT," "PATTERNS" AND "THE COMEDIAN." WE'LL TALK TO HIM ABOUT CENSORSHIP IN TELEVISION, HIS FIGHT TO SAY WHAT HE BELIEVES, AND WE'LL LEARN WHAT HE MEANS BY "THE PRICE TAG THAT HANGS ON SUCCESS."

The  
MIKE WALLACE  
Interview

YOU'VE GOT A NEW SERIES COMING UP CALLED THE TWILIGHT ZONE. YOU'RE WRITING, AS WELL AS ACTING AS EXECUTIVE PRODUCER, ON THIS ONE. WHO CONTROLS THE FINAL PRODUCT: YOU OR THE SPONSOR?

WE HAVE A GOOD WORKING RELATIONSHIP, WHEREIN QUESTIONS OF TASTE AND OF THE ARTFORM ITSELF, I'M THE JUDGE, BECAUSE THIS IS MY MEDIUM AND I UNDERSTAND IT.

I'M A DRAMATIST FOR TELEVISION.

THIS IS THE AREA I KNOW.



I'VE BEEN TRAINED FOR IT. I'VE WORKED FOR AND IN IT FOR TWELVE YEARS, AND THE SPONSOR KNOWS HIS PRODUCT BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW MINE. SO WHEN IT COMES TO THE COMMERCIALS, I LEAVE THAT UP TO HIM. WHEN IT COMES TO THE STORY CONTENT, HE LEAVES IT UP TO ME.



IS PRE-CENSORSHIP\* INVOLVED? ARE YOU SIMPLY WRITING EASY?



IN THIS PARTICULAR AREA, NO, BECAUSE WE'RE DEALING WITH A HALF-HOUR SHOW WHICH CANNOT PROBE LIKE A NINETY, WHICH DOESN'T USE SCRIPTS AS VEHICLES OF SOCIAL CRITICISM. THESE ARE STRICTLY FOR ENTERTAINMENT.



THESE ARE POTBOILERS.\*\*

OH, NO. I WOULDN'T CALL THEM "POTBOILERS" AT ALL. NO, THESE ARE VERY ADULT, HIGH-QUALITY, HALF-HOUR, EXTREMELY POLISHED FILMS.

BUT BECAUSE THEY DEAL IN THE AREAS OF FANTASY AND IMAGINATION AND SCIENCE FICTION, THERE'S NO OPPORTUNITY TO COP A PLEA OR CHOP AN AXE OR ANYTHING.



SO, IN ESSENCE, FOR THE TIME BEING AND FOR THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE, YOU'VE GIVEN UP ON WRITING ANYTHING IMPORTANT FOR TELEVISION, RIGHT?



WELL, AGAIN, THIS IS A SEMANTIC THING-- "IMPORTANT FOR TELEVISION"? I DON'T KNOW.

IF BY NOT IMPORTANT, YOU MEAN I'M NOT GOING TO TRY TO DELVE INTO CURRENT SOCIAL PROBLEMS DRAMATICALLY, YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT. I'M NOT.



\*A TERM DISCUSSED BY TELEVISION PLAYWRIGHT PADDY CHAYEFSKY: THE PRACTICE OF A WRITER CENSORING HIS OR HER OWN WORK IN ANTICIPATION OF THE NETWORK AND/OR SPONSORS' FUTURE RESISTANCE

\*\*A BOOK, PAINTING, OR RECORDING PRODUCED MERELY TO MAKE A LIVING BY CATERING TO POPULAR TASTE





ROD, HERBERT BRODKIN, A TV PRODUCER ASSOCIATED WITH SOME OF YOUR EARLIER PLAYS, HAS SAID THIS ABOUT YOU: "ROD IS EITHER GOING TO STAY COMMERCIAL OR BECOME A DISCERNING ARTIST, BUT **NOT BOTH.**"

NOW, HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU THAT YOU'RE SELLING YOURSELF **SHORT** BY TAKING ON A SERIES WHICH, BY YOUR OWN ADMISSION, IS GOING TO BE A SERIES PRIMARILY DESIGNED TO ENTERTAIN?



I PRESUME HERB MEANS THAT INHERENTLY YOU CANNOT BE COMMERCIAL **AND** ARTISTIC. YOU CANNOT BE COMMERCIAL **AND** OFFER QUALITY.

YOU CANNOT BE COMMERCIAL CONCURRENT WITH HAVING A PREOCCUPATION WITH THE LEVEL OF STORYTELLING THAT YOU WANT TO ACHIEVE. AND **THIS** I HAVE TO REJECT.



I THINK YOU **CAN** BE. I DON'T THINK CALLING SOMETHING "COMMERCIAL" TAGS IT WITH A KIND OF ODIOUS SUGGESTION THAT IT STINKS, THAT IT'S SOMETHING RAUNCHY TO BE **ASHAMED** OF.



HOW MANY HOURS A DAY DO YOU WORK RIGHT NOW AS EXECUTIVE PRODUCER AND/OR WRITER ON THE TWILIGHT ZONE?

TWELVE TO FOURTEEN HOURS A DAY.

HOW MANY DAYS A WEEK?

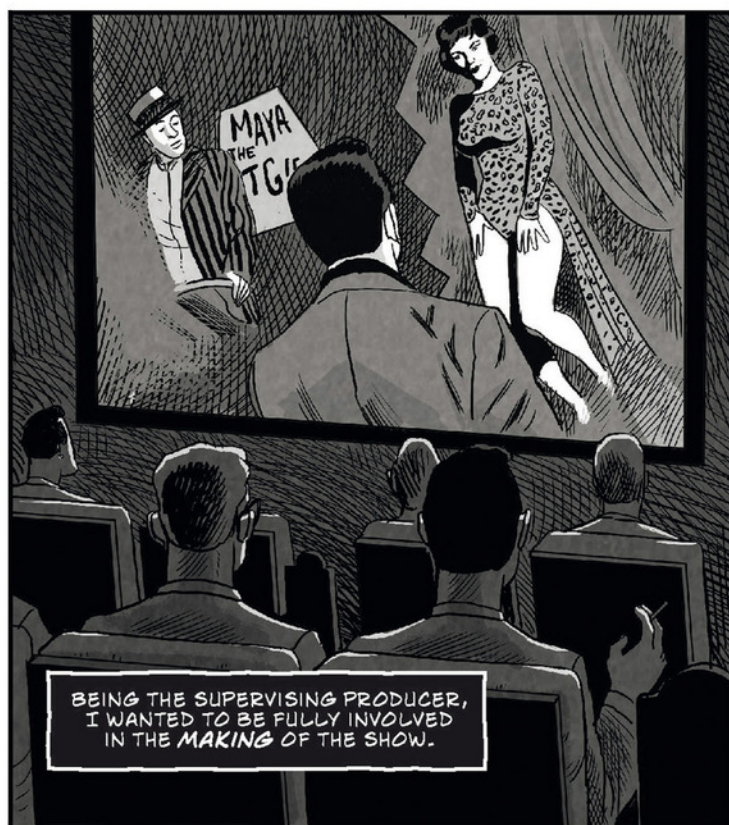
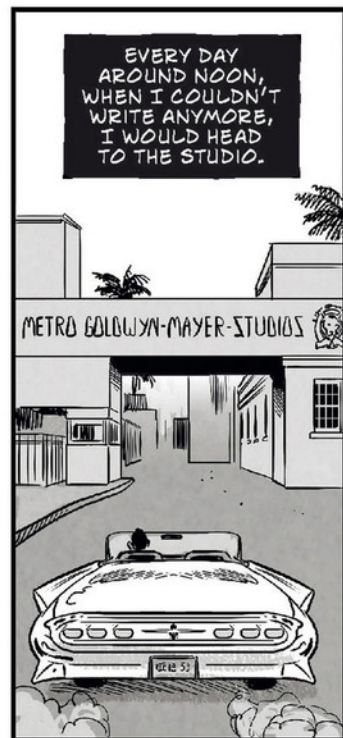
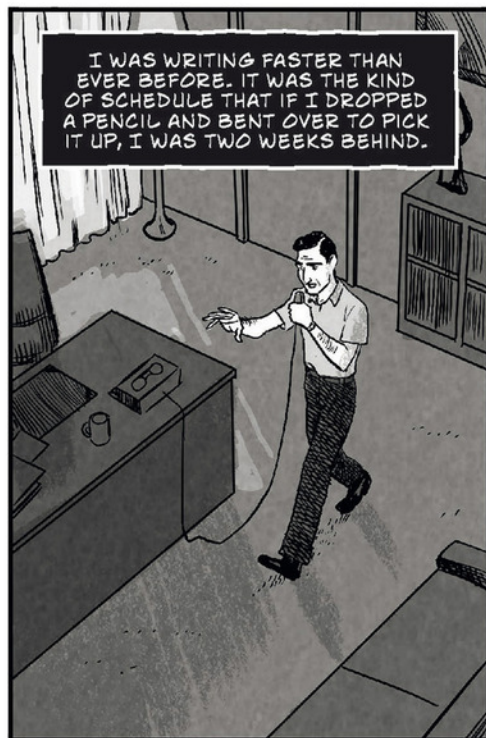
SEVEN.

I'M NOT ASKING FOR FIGURES HERE, BUT OBVIOUSLY THE TWILIGHT ZONE IS YOUR OWN CREATION. I THINK THAT OUR AUDIENCE WOULD BE FASCINATED TO KNOW, HOW RICH CAN A FELLOW GET UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES?



WELL, IF THE SHOW IS SUCCESSFUL, HE CAN GET TREMENDOUSLY RICH.



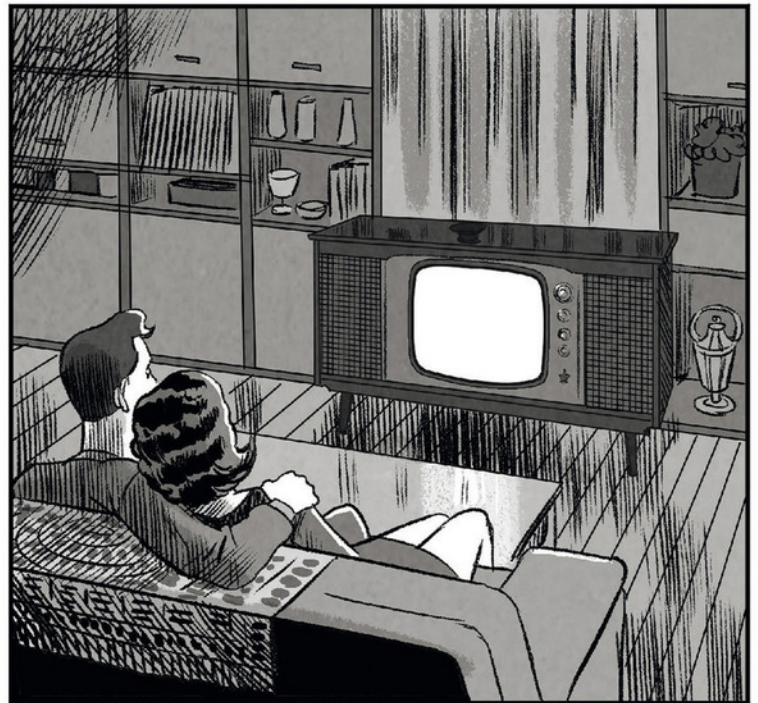
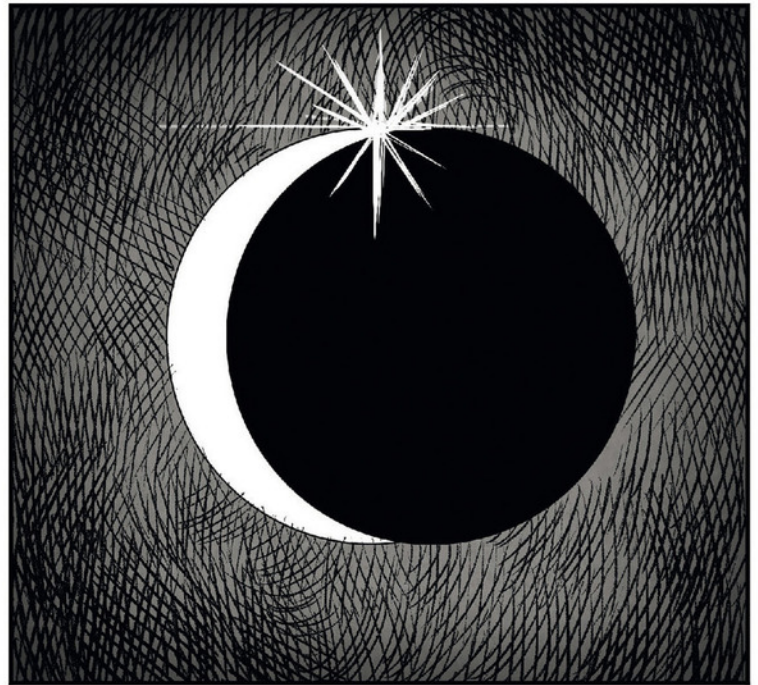
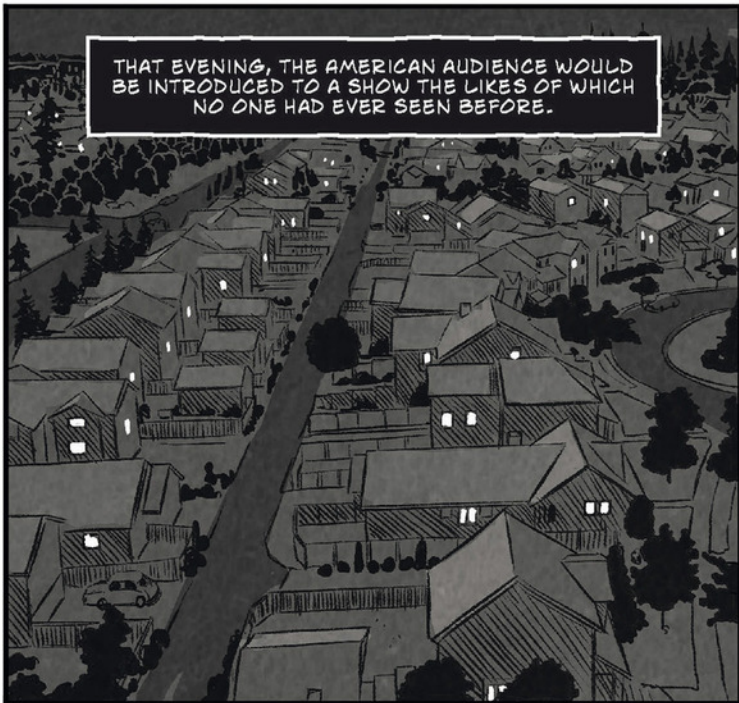




ON OCTOBER 2<sup>ND</sup>, 1959, THE  
NORTHERN UNITED STATES WOULD  
WITNESS A FULL **SOLAR ECLIPSE**.

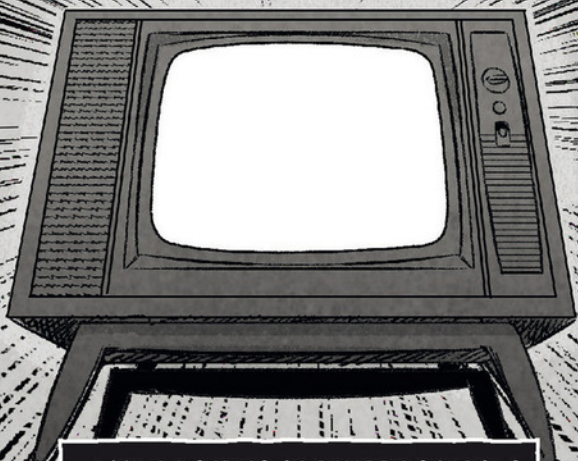


THAT EVENING, THE AMERICAN AUDIENCE WOULD  
BE INTRODUCED TO A SHOW THE LIKES OF WHICH  
NO ONE HAD EVER SEEN BEFORE.





VIEWERS WOULD--FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER--HEAR THAT UNCANNY THEME COMPOSED BY **BERNARD HERRMANN**...



...WHILE A SERIES OF BIZARRE SYMBOLS FLOATED ACROSS THEIR SCREENS.

"THERE IS A FIFTH DIMENSION, BEYOND THAT WHICH IS KNOWN TO MAN. IT IS A DIMENSION AS VAST AS SPACE, AND AS TIMELESS AS INFINITY.

"IT IS THE MIDDLE GROUND BETWEEN LIGHT AND SHADOW, BETWEEN SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION..."



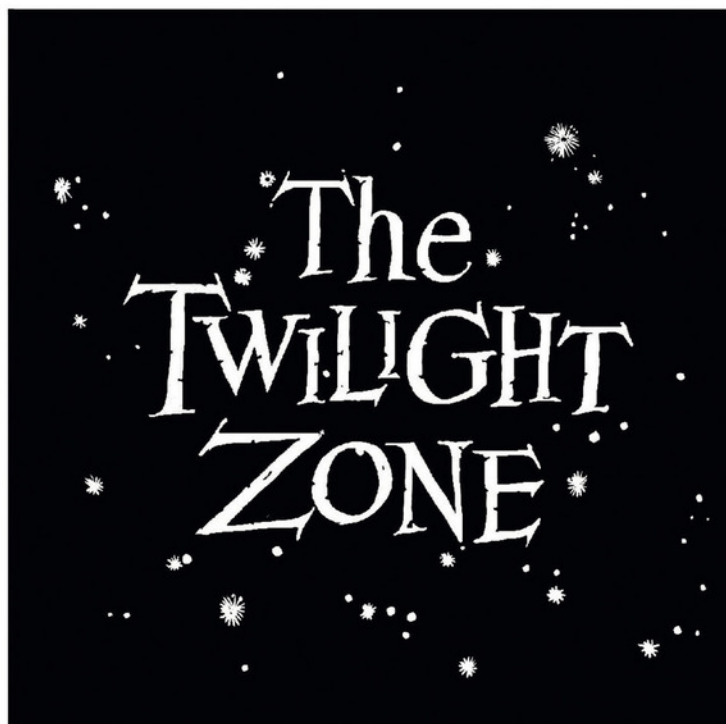
"...AND IT LIES BETWEEN THE PIT OF MAN'S FEARS, AND THE SUMMIT OF HIS KNOWLEDGE.



"THIS IS THE DIMENSION OF IMAGINATION. IT IS AN AREA WHICH WE CALL..."



The  
TWILIGHT  
ZONE









THROUGHOUT ITS TENURE,  
THE SHOW WOULD NEVER BECOME  
A RATINGS TRIUMPH, BUT IT SLOWLY  
GATHERED A SIGNIFICANT GROUP  
OF LOYAL FOLLOWERS.

MEANWHILE, THE CRITICAL  
RESPONSE, HIGH PRODUCTION  
QUALITY AND UNUSUAL SUBJECT  
MATTER STARTED GENERATING  
SOME HEAT AROUND  
HOLLYWOOD.

HIGH-CALIBER  
ACTORS AND  
DIRECTORS  
WOULD ROUTINELY  
REQUEST TO ENTER  
"THE ZONE."

# HOLLYWOOD



CAROL BURNETT



DENNIS HOPPER



ROBERT REDFORD



BUSTER KEATON



DON RICKLES



GEORGE TAKEI



WILLIAM SHATNER



JULIE NEWMAR



JACQUES TOURNEUR



IDA LUPINO

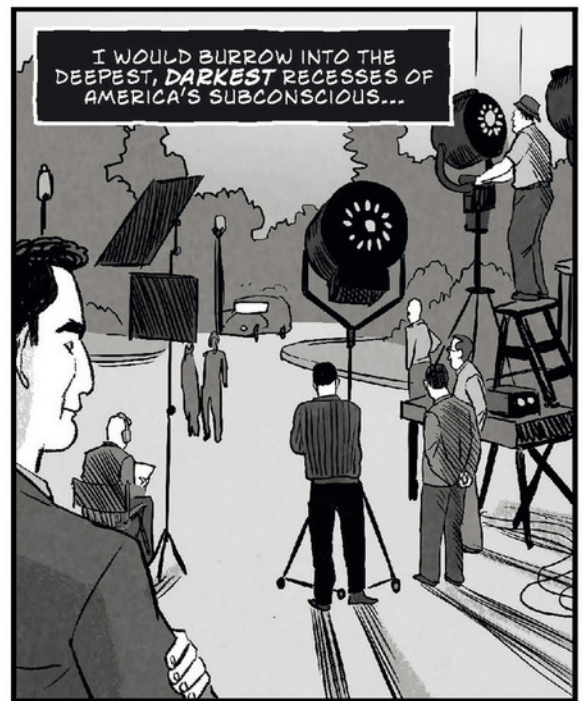
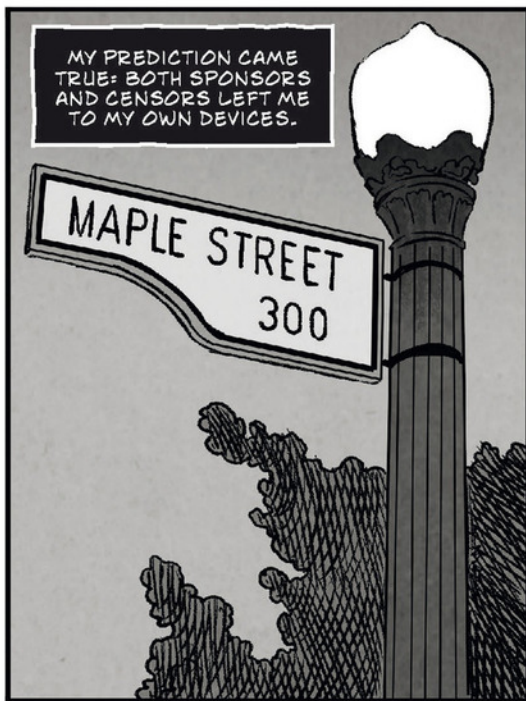


RICHARD DONNER



DON SIEGEL

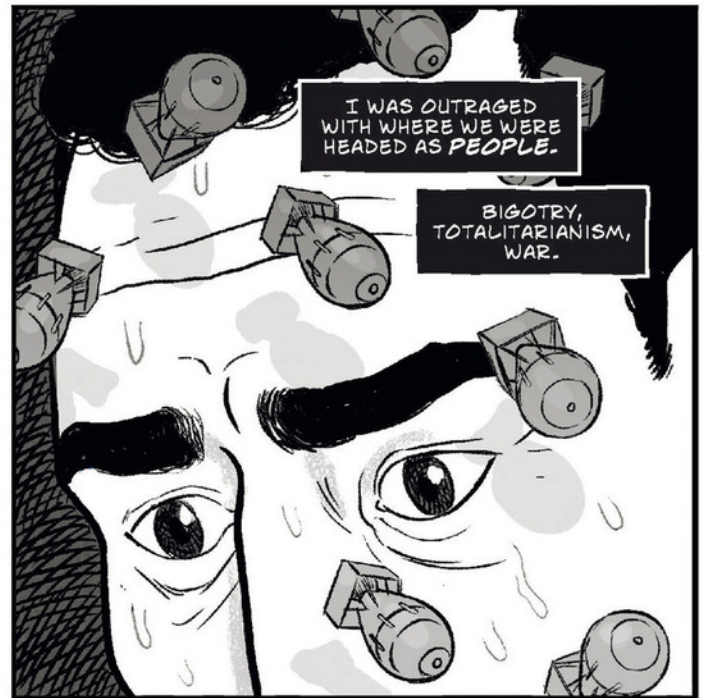








THE NATION WAS IN THE GRIPS OF A WAVE OF **PARANOIA**. THE AIR WAS THICK WITH FEAR AND DIS-TRUST... THE PUTRID SCENT OF **MCCARTHYISM**.



I WAS OUTRAGED WITH WHERE WE WERE HEADED AS **PEOPLE**.

**BIGOTRY, TOTALITARIANISM, WAR.**



WE KNOW THAT THERE MUST BE A SINGLE PURPOSE, A SINGLE NORM, A SINGLE APPROACH, A SINGLE ENTITY OF PEOPLE, A SINGLE VIRTUE, A SINGLE MORALITY!



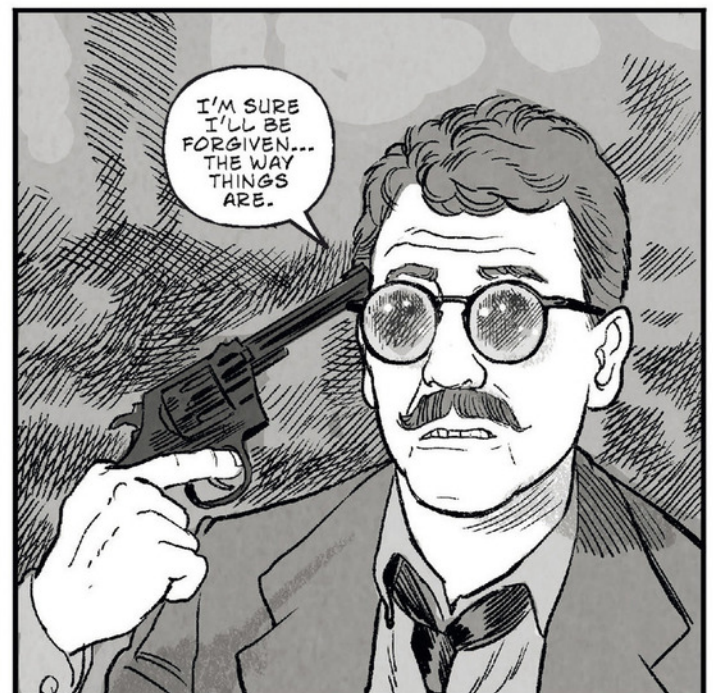
SOME DAYS, I FELT LIKE HUMANITY WAS ON THE BRINK OF **SELF-ANNIHILATION**.



IN THE **ZONE**--HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT--I WAS ABLE TO EXPRESS MY DEEPEST ANXIETIES AND FRUSTRATIONS.

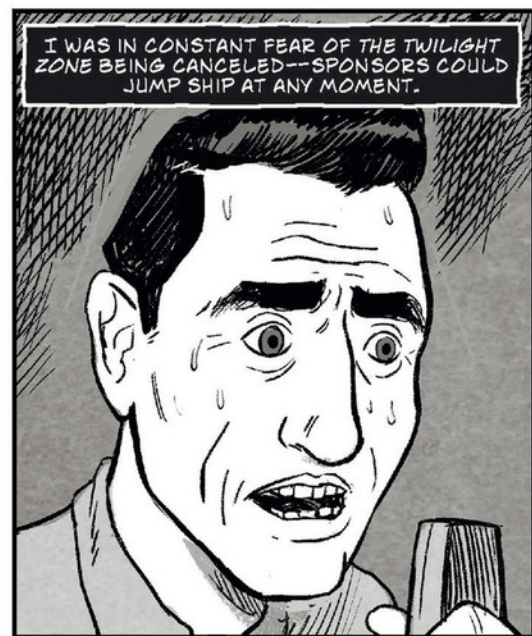
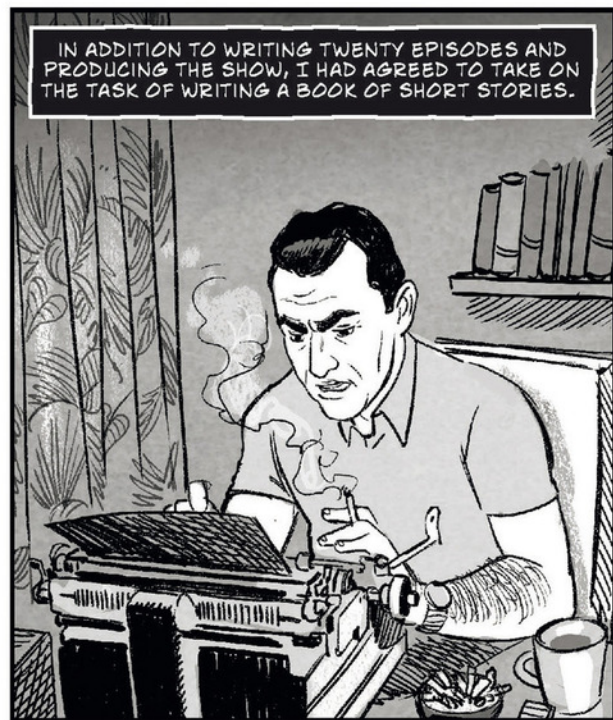
THEY'RE ALL DEAD! THEY MUST BE.

EVERYBODY'S DEAD!

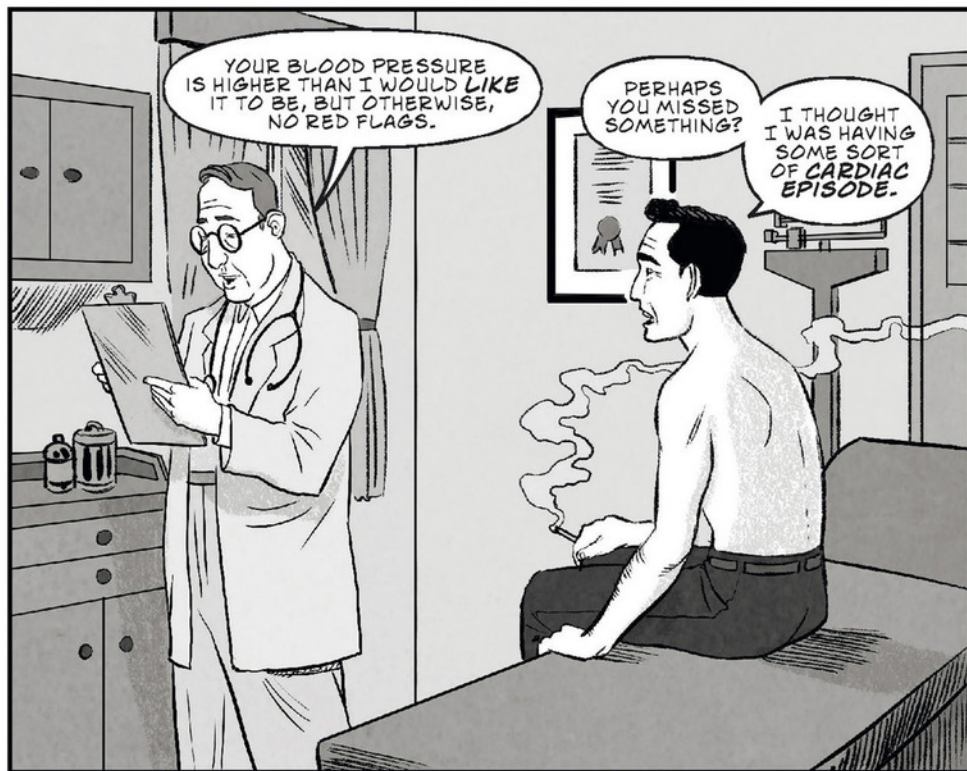


I'M SURE I'LL BE FORGIVEN... THE WAY THINGS ARE.











THE STRAINS OF WORK WERE ALSO MAKING THEIR WAY INTO THE FEW HOURS I'D SALVAGED FOR MY FAMILY.



WHAT WE NEED HERE, WILLIAMS, IS A SHOW WITH PIZZAZZ, AN ENTERTAINER WITH MOXY! WE'VE GOT TO SEIZE THE AUDIENCE FOR YEARS. GIVE THEM A YANK! JARR 'EM! ROCK 'EM! GIVE 'EM THE OL' PUSH! PUSH! PUSH!

I UNDERSTAND, MR. MISRELL.



NOW IT'S GOTTA BE BRIGHT, WILLIAMS, BRIGHT WITH...

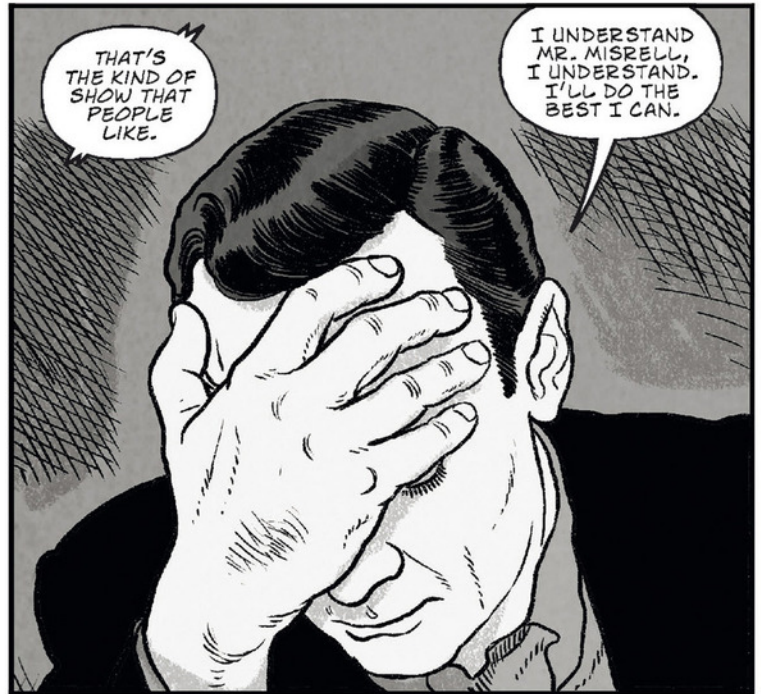
I'M TRYING TO--

---COMEDY! IT'S GOTTA HAVE IT ALL! PUSH, PUSH, PUSH! NOW IT'S GOTTA BE BRIGHT, WILLIAMS! THIS IS A PUSH BUSINESS! PUSH, PUSH, PUSH!



THAT'S THE KIND OF SHOW THAT PEOPLE LIKE.

I UNDERSTAND MR. MISRELL, I UNDERSTAND. I'LL DO THE BEST I CAN.



DO MORE THAN YOU CAN! ASPIRE! DREAM BIG, THEN GET BEHIND IT! PUSH, PUSH, PUSH!

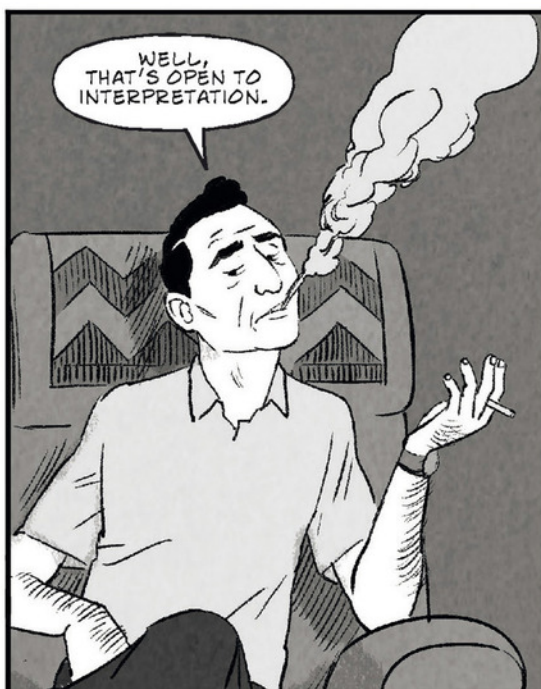
PUSH, PUSH, PUSH, WILLIAMS! PUSH, PUSH, PUSH!



CRACK!





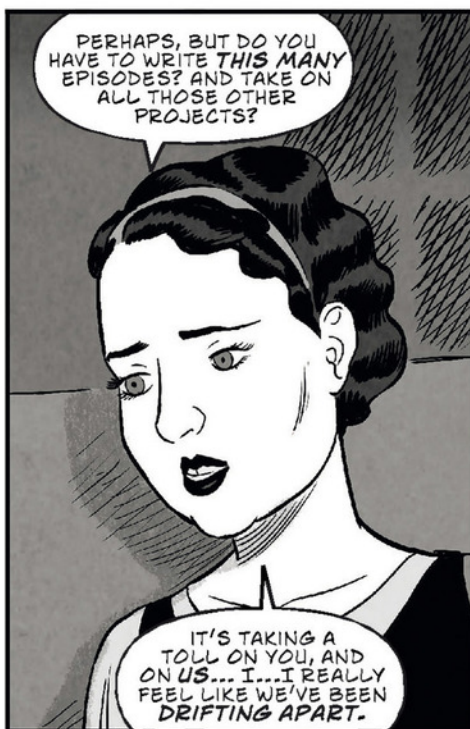






CAROL, YOU KNOW THIS INDUSTRY--IT'S FEAST OR FAMINE! I HAVE TO TAKE IT ALL IN WHILE THE TAKING IS GOOD.

I'M NOT GOING TO BE A "HOT COMMODITY" FOREVER.



PERHAPS, BUT DO YOU HAVE TO WRITE *THIS* MANY EPISODES? AND TAKE ON ALL THOSE OTHER PROJECTS?

IT'S TAKING A TOLL ON YOU, AND ON US... I... I REALLY FEEL LIKE WE'VE BEEN DRIFTING APART.



HONEY, I KNOW IT'S BEEN ROUGH, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER WAY--



THERE ARE OTHER WAYS. YOU NEED TO GET A LITTLE DISTANCE FROM YOUR WORK!



MY NAME IS ON THE GODDAMN SHOW! I'VE GIVEN YOU EVERYTHING!

LOOK AT THIS HOUSE, THIS POOL, THE JEWELRY, THE CLOTHES YOU WEAR! WHAT ELSE COULD YOU POSSIBLY NEED?!



DO I HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU? YOU'RE SPENDING MORE NIGHTS SLEEPING OUT IN THE OFFICE THAN IN OUR BED!



JESUS CHRIST, CAROL, I REALLY DON'T NEED MORE PRESSURE RIGHT NOW. I NEED YOU TO BE SUPPORTIVE!



OH ROD, I WISH YOU WOULD WAKE UP AND SEE WHAT YOU'VE BECOME.



ALL THE WHILE, A STORM WAS BREWING AT CBS...



AS PART OF A MAJOR NETWORK SHAKE UP IN '59, JAMES AUBREY-- A.K.A. "THE SMILING COBRA"--WAS NAMED PRESIDENT, REPLACING LOUIS COWAN WHO WAS DISMISSED DUE TO THE QUIZ SHOW SCANDALS.\*



SO YOU'RE TELLING ME A SINGLE EPISODE OF PLAYHOUSE 90 COSTS \$175,000?

AUBREY'S ASCENT MARKED THE END OF AN ERA. HE WOULD CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF THE NETWORK AND OF THE MEDIUM AS A WHOLE. AUBREY'S MOTTO WAS "BROADS, BOSOMS, AND FUN."



WHY THE HELL ARE WE STILL PRODUCING THIS ELEPHANT?

HE WANTED HITS, AND IN ORDER TO HAVE THOSE HE WOULD APPEAL TO THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR WITH SHOWS LIKE THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES AND GILLIGAN'S ISLAND.



IT'S MORE THAN JUST THE BOTTOM LINE WITH PLAYHOUSE 90, IT'S BEEN THE GEM OF THE NETWORK FOR YEARS.

IT LENDS US PRESTIGE!

YOU CAN'T BUY BUPKIS WITH PRESTIGE. I WANT A DETAILED COST ASSESSMENT VS. RETURNS ON MY DESK TOMORROW MORNING, POST HASTE!



YES, SIR.



VERY WELL, LET'S SEE WHO ELSE IS DRAINING OUR COFFERS. AH! THE TWILIGHT ZONE! WHAT A STRANGE, STRANGE SHOW. \$65,000 AN EPISODE! FOR HALF AN HOUR! THAT'S OUTRAGEOUS.



AND SO BEGAN A TUG OF WAR BETWEEN THE NETWORK AND ME. DURING THE FOLLOWING SEASONS, AUBREY WOULD CHOP THE BUDGET DOWN BIT BY BIT, 'TIL THERE WAS ALMOST NOTHING LEFT.



\*IN THE 1950S SEVERAL QUIZ SHOWS, SUCH AS THE \$64,000 QUESTION, TURNED OUT TO BE RIGGED. CONTESTANTS WERE GIVEN THE ANSWERS AHEAD OF THE SHOW.



ONE OF AUBREY'S FIRST STABS AT US WAS DURING THE SECOND SEASON OF THE SHOW. IN AN ATTEMPT TO CUT COSTS WE WERE FORCED TO SHOOT SIX EPISODES ON VIDEO INSTEAD OF FILM.



AS MUST BE OBVIOUS, THIS IS A HOUSE HOVERED OVER BY MR. DEATH, THAT OMNIPRESENT PLAYER TO THE THIRD AND FINAL ACT OF EVERY LIFE. AND IT'S BEEN SAID, AND PROBABLY RIGHTFULLY SO--



--THAT WHAT FOLLOWS THIS LIFE IS ONE OF THE UNFATHOMABLE MYSTERIES, AN AREA OF DARKNESS WHICH WE, THE LIVING, RESERVE FOR THE DEAD--



FOR IN A MOMENT, A CHILD WILL TRY TO CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHICH SEPARATES LIGHT AND SHADOW, AND, OF COURSE, HE MUST TAKE THE ONLY KNOWN ROUTE, THAT INDISTINCT HIGHWAY THROUGH THE REGION WE CALL THE TWILIGHT ZONE.

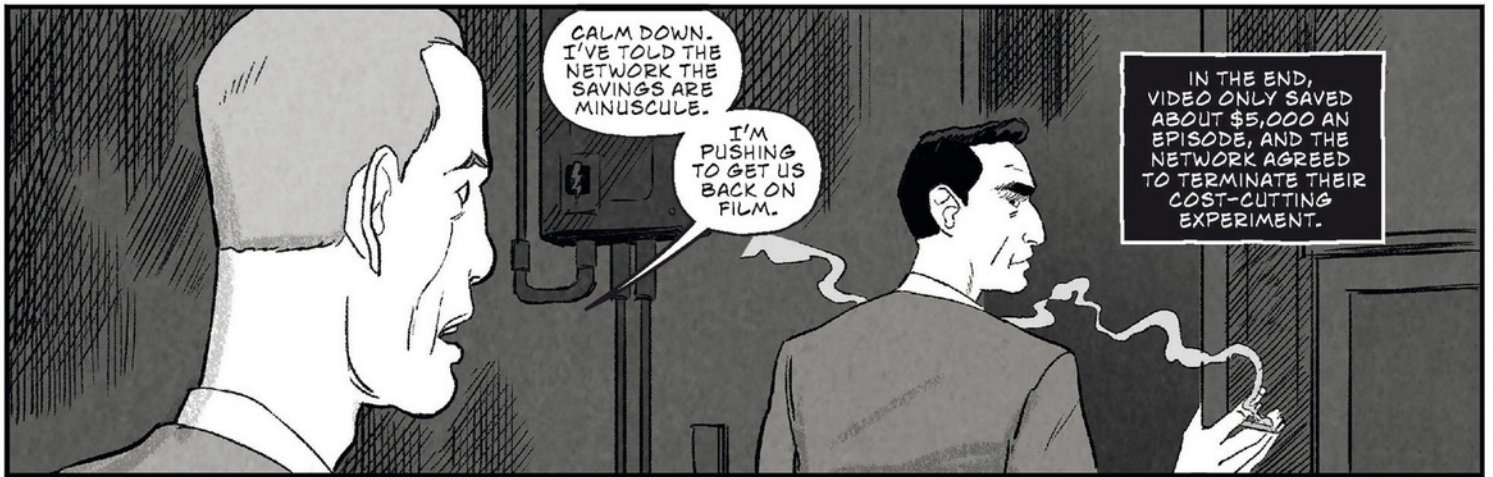
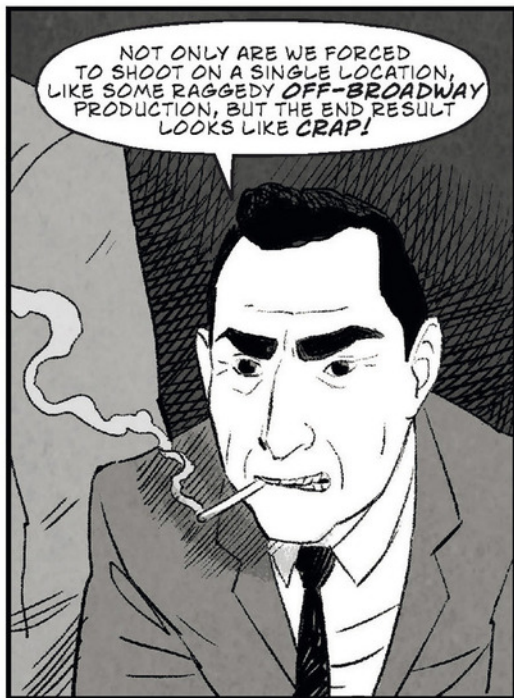


THIS IS AWFUL, BUCK, AWFUL!

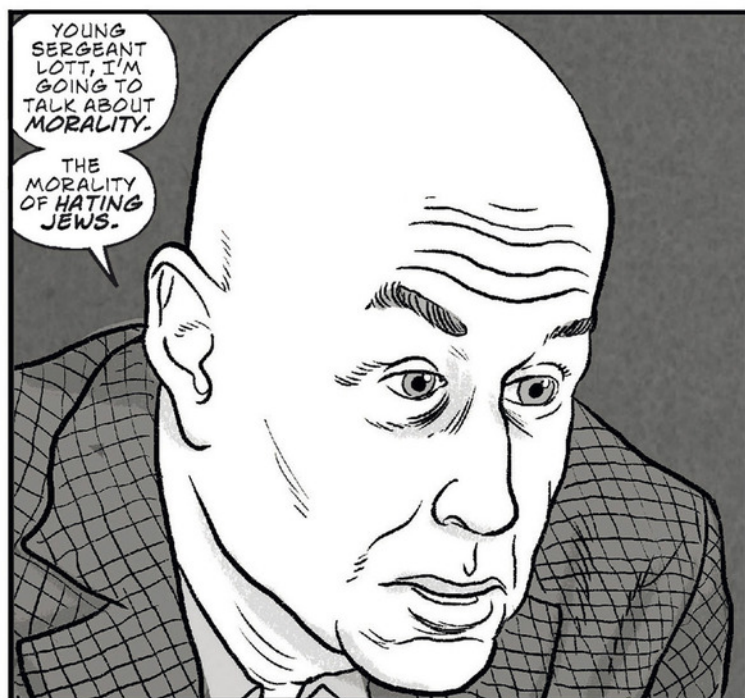
COME ON, ROD! IT'S NOT THAT BAD.















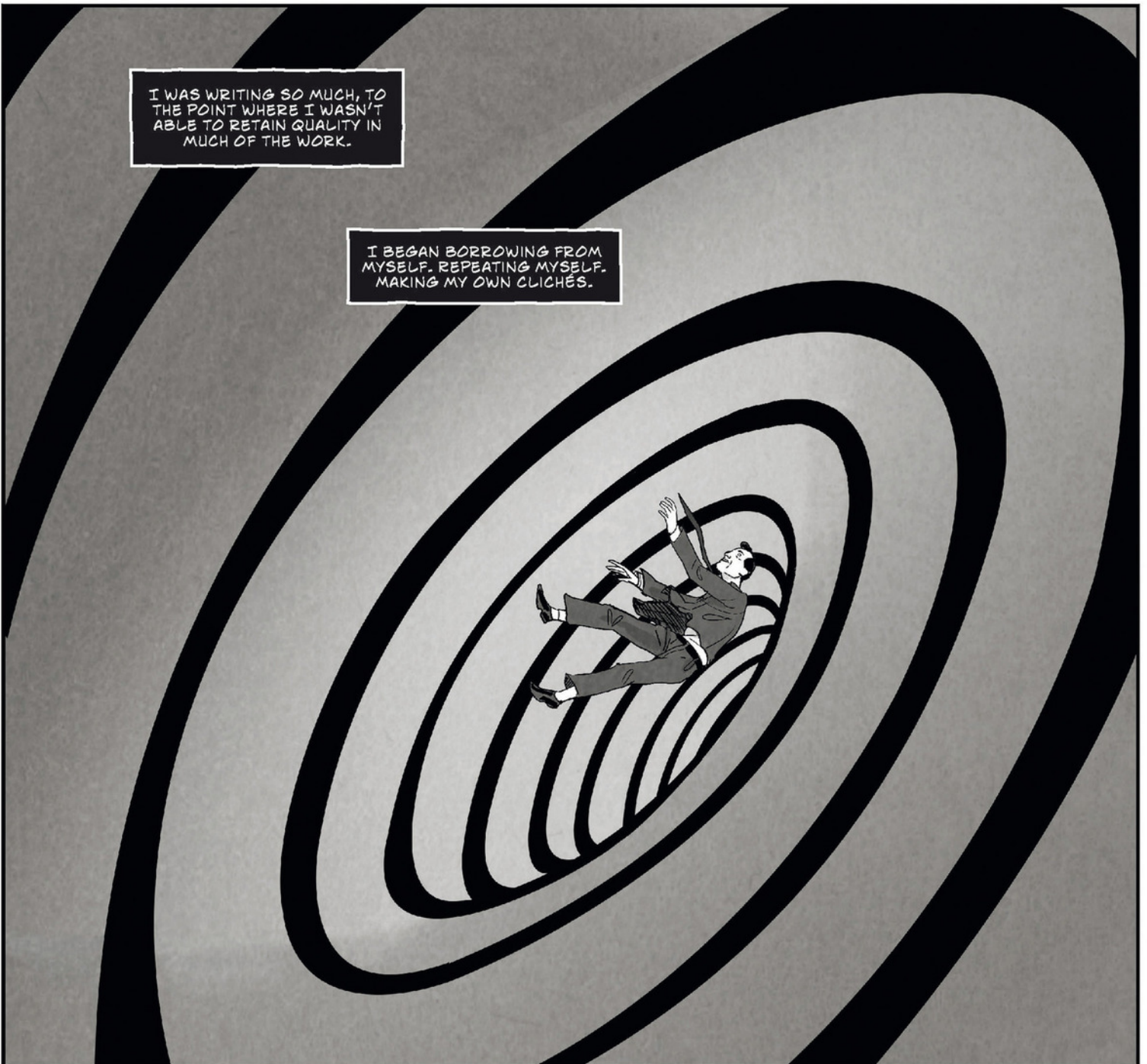




AS SEASON THREE OF *THE TWILIGHT ZONE* ROLLED IN, I BEGAN TO RUN OUT OF STEAM.



I'VE NEVER FELT QUITE AS DRAINED OF IDEAS AS I DID IN THAT MOMENT. STORIES USED TO BUBBLE OUT OF ME SO FAST, I COULDN'T GET THEM DOWN ON PAPER QUICK ENOUGH. NO MORE.



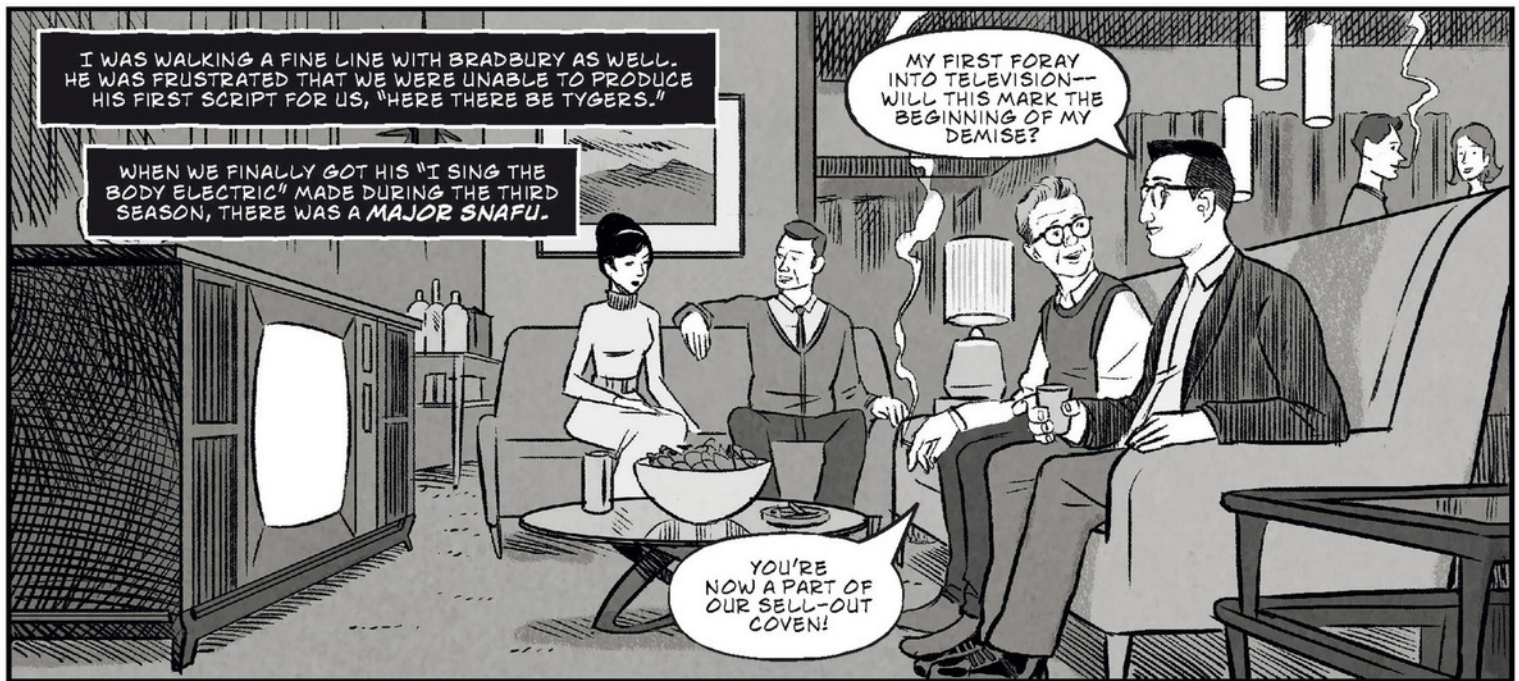
I WAS WRITING SO MUCH, TO THE POINT WHERE I WASN'T ABLE TO RETAIN QUALITY IN MUCH OF THE WORK.

I BEGAN BORROWING FROM MYSELF. REPEATING MYSELF. MAKING MY OWN CLICHÉS.

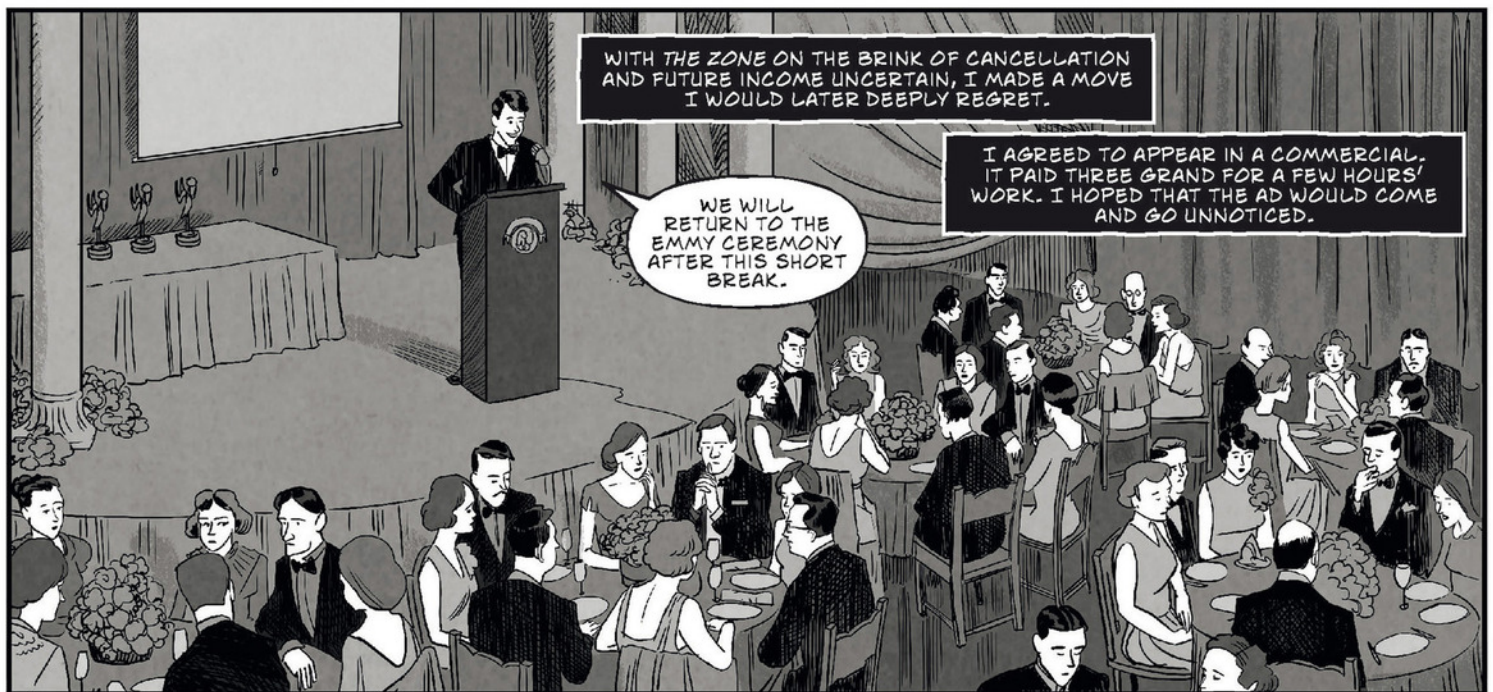






















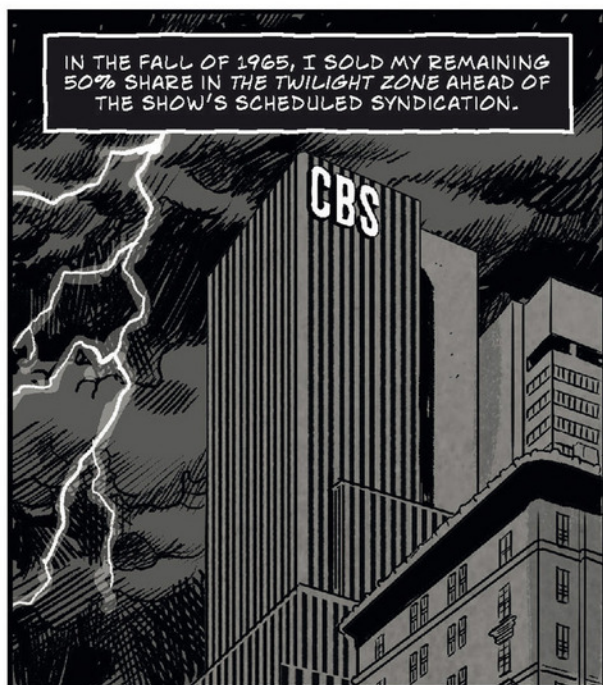
IN JANUARY OF 1964, I FINALLY GOT THE NOTICE.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE ENDED WITH A WHIMPER. AT THAT POINT, THE SHOW HAD FULLY RUN OUT OF STEAM.

WE THREW A LITTLE "WAKE" FOR THE SHOW, INVITING CAST AND CREW TO CELEBRATE A BITTERSWEET END.







IN THE FALL OF 1965, I SOLD MY REMAINING 50% SHARE IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE AHEAD OF THE SHOW'S SCHEDULED SYNDICATION.



I RECEIVED A SUM CLOSE TO HALF A MILLION DOLLARS FOR THE RIGHTS.



CBS HAD CONVINCED ME THAT THE SHOW WOULD NEVER RECOUP ITS LOSSES. THEY WERE DOING ME A FAVOR.



I WAS SURE MY DECISION WAS SOUND.



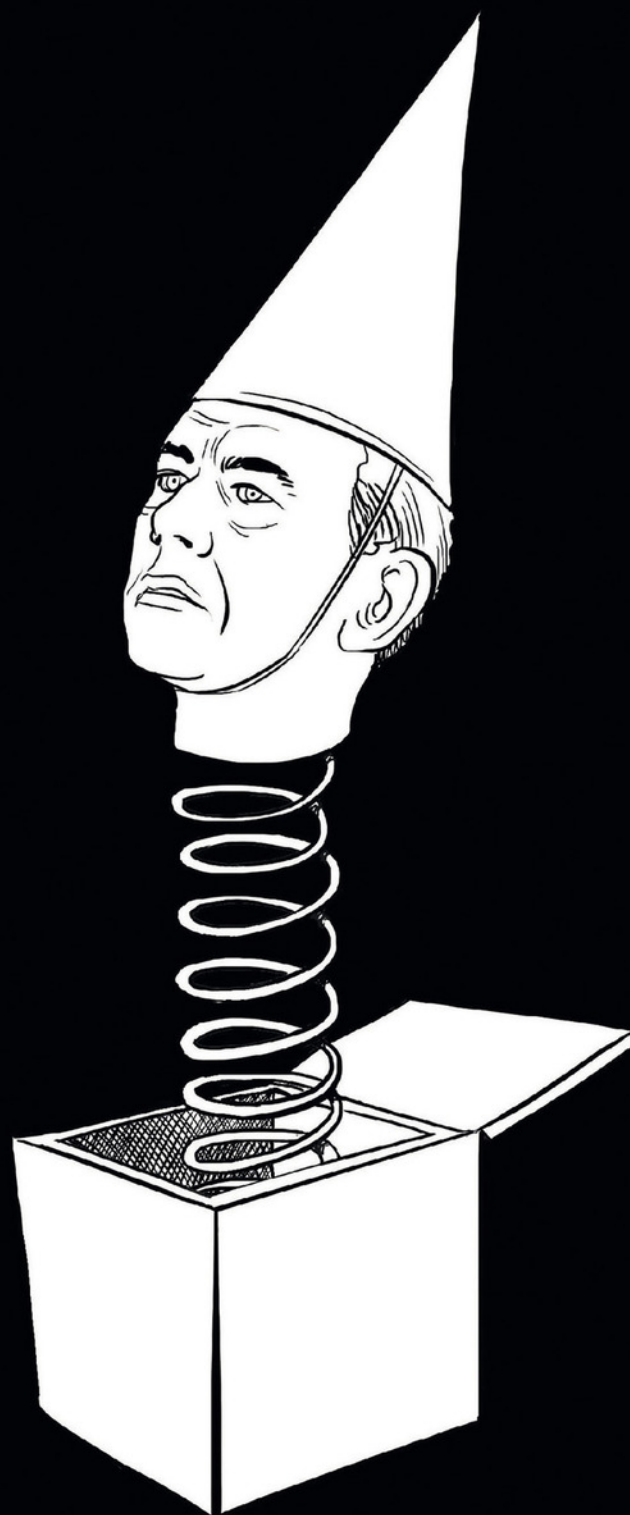
I WOULD LATER GREATLY REGRET THE SALE.



THE TWILIGHT ZONE WOULD SCORE OUTSTANDING RATINGS IN SYNDICATION, BECOMING A CULT HIT.

I WISH I'D HAD MORE LASTING FAITH IN MY OWN CREATION.





**PART IV**





ASK ME A YES  
OR NO QUESTION  
\* Does He/She Love Me?  
\* Will I Become Rich?  
\* Is My Future Bright?

1¢ MYSTIC  
SEER  
①

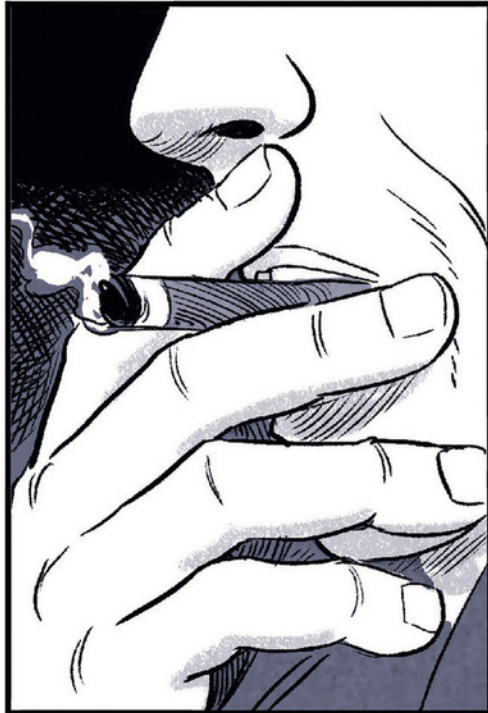
MARILYN

ASK ME A YES  
OR NO QUESTION  
\* Does He/She Love Me?  
\* Will I Become Rich?  
\* Is My Future Bright?

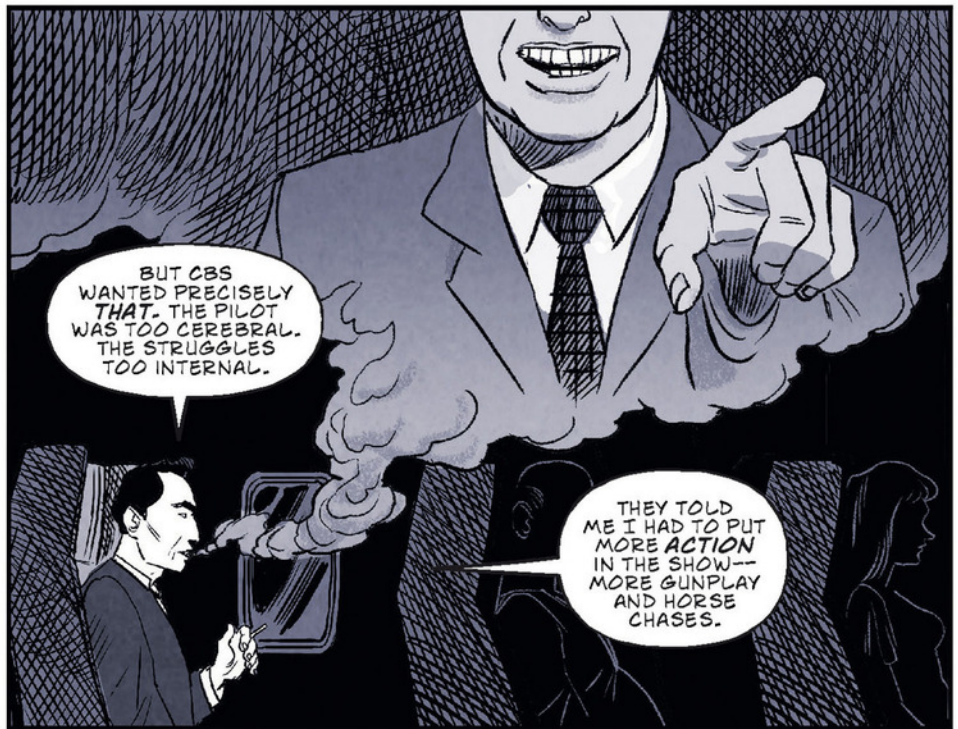
1¢ MYSTIC  
SEER  
①

MARILYN





















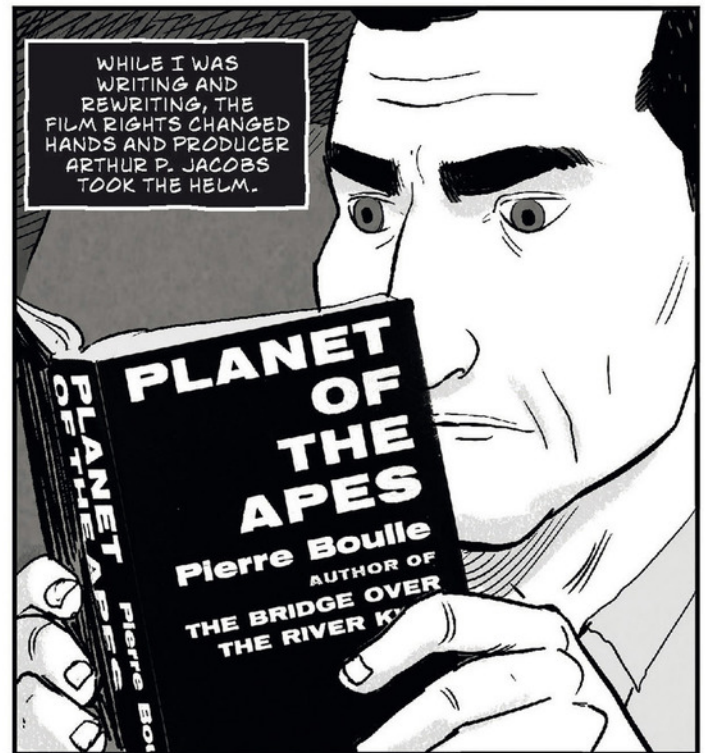




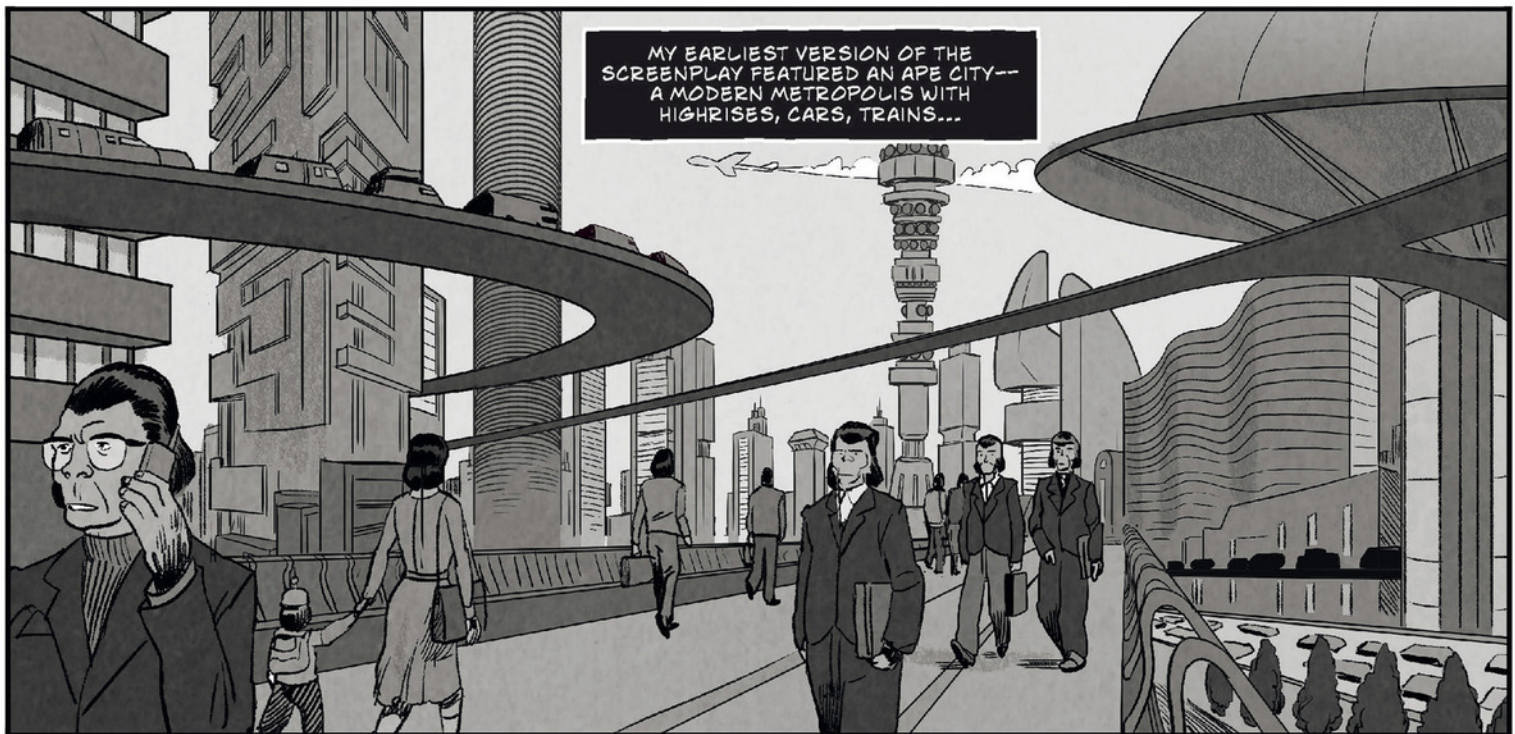




I WAS TRYING TO MAKE A CAREER FOR MYSELF AS A FEATURE FILM WRITER. BUT IT WASN'T EASY. AT THE TIME, I WAS STRUGGLING WITH A SCREENPLAY FOR KING BROTHERS PRODUCTIONS.



WHILE I WAS WRITING AND REWRITING, THE FILM RIGHTS CHANGED HANDS AND PRODUCER ARTHUR P. JACOBS TOOK THE HELM.



MY EARLIEST VERSION OF THE SCREENPLAY FEATURED AN APE CITY-- A MODERN METROPOLIS WITH HIGHRISES, CARS, TRAINS...



BUT ONCE THE PRODUCERS READ IT, IT BECAME CLEAR THAT A CITY OF THAT SCOPE WOULD BE TOO COSTLY.

YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME WORK-AROUND. WE DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF BUDGET.

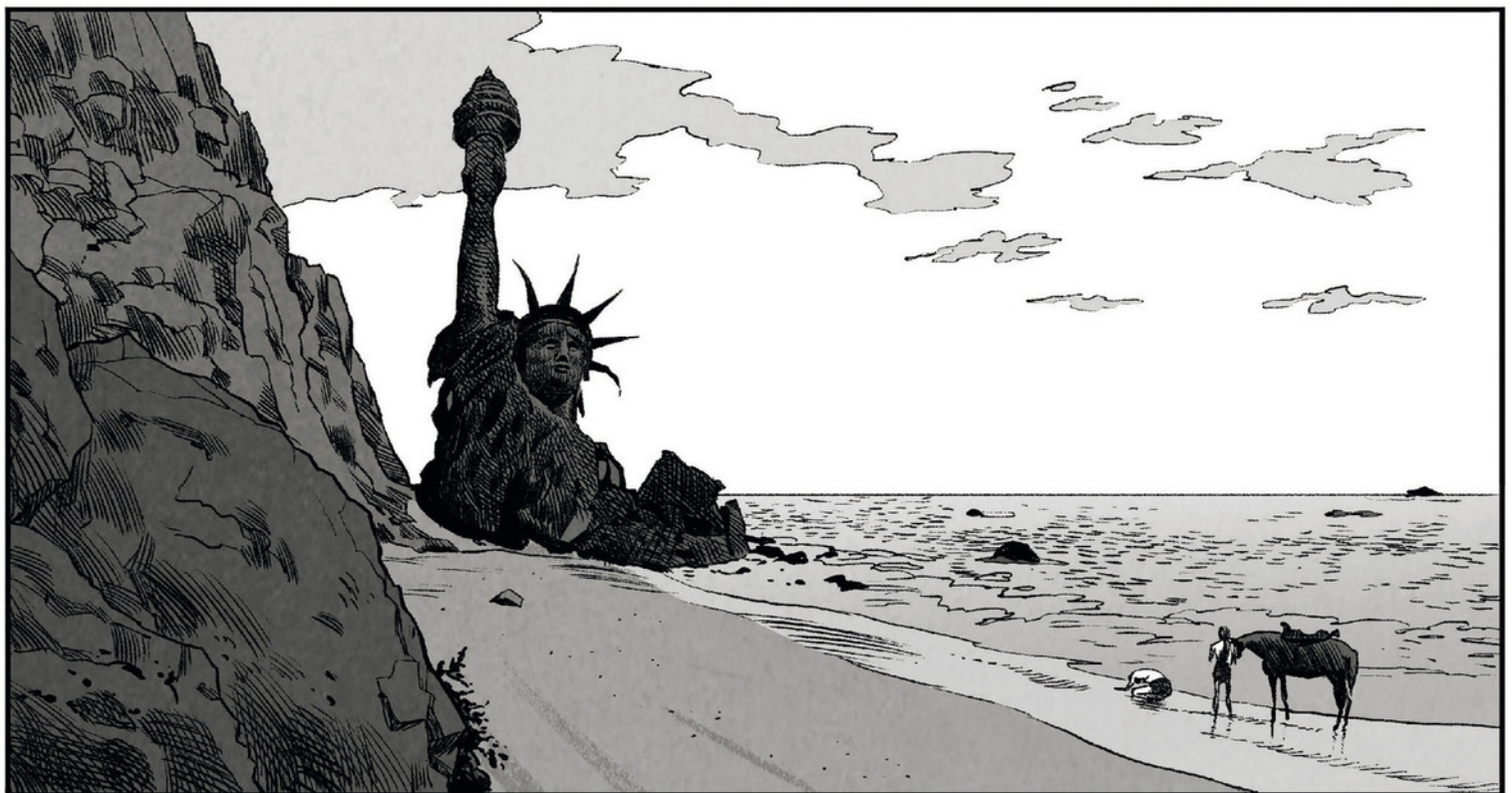
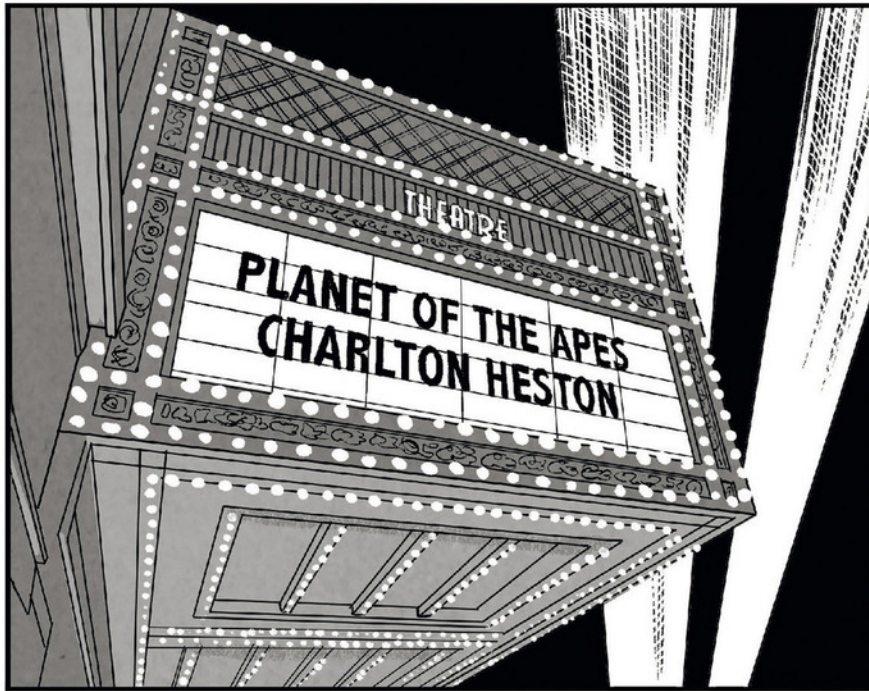


SO I REWROTE THE SCRIPT WITH AN EYE FOR A VERY DIFFERENT SOCIETY, ONE THAT WAS IN LIMBO--A SEMI-PRIMITIVE CIVILIZATION.















IN LATE 1968, **NIGHT GALLERY** WAS GREENLIT--A MADE-FOR-TELEVISION MOVIE PRODUCED BY UNIVERSAL AND CREATED BY ME.



AS THE SHOOT APPROACHED, WE BEGAN TO HIT SOME SNAGS.



RING  
RING

HELLO?



WHO IS IT?

IT'S JOAN CRAWFORD.

DOESN'T SHE KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?? I WISH YOU HAD NEVER GIVEN HER OUR HOME PHONE!



YES, JOAN. WHAT IS IT?

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY TO CALL YOU AT THIS ODD HOUR OF THE NIGHT, BUT I'M TREMENDOUSLY NERVOUS. I'VE NOT BEEN ABLE TO SLEEP FOR DAYS NOW.

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM?



IT'S JUST-- WELL, I CAN'T BELIEVE UNIVERSAL WOULD LET A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD CHILD DIRECT A MADE-FOR-TELEVISION MOVIE. THAT'S SIMPLY UNHEARD OF!



I'M SURE THE KID'S HIGHLY CAPABLE IF THEY TRUST HIM TO DIRECT.



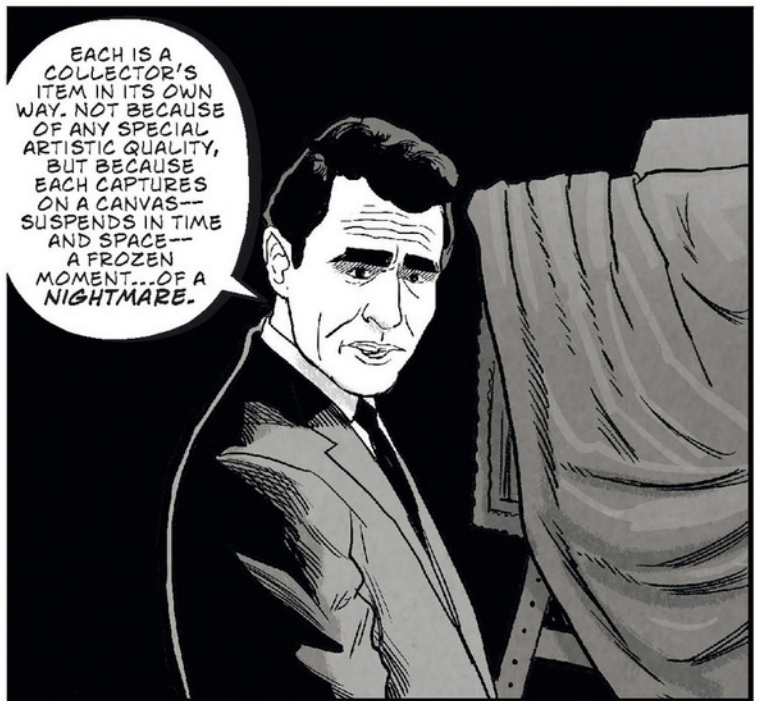
CAPABLE? MY CAREER'S ON THE LINE HERE, ROD! I CAN'T LET A CHILD DIRECT ME. THIS COULD END UP BEING A MAJOR DISASTER!

LISTEN, JOAN. TRUST ME, THIS KID-- WHAT WAS HIS NAME...? SPIELBERG!--WILL DO A FABULOUS JOB! WE HAVE A GREAT STORY FOR YOU. HOW ABOUT WE TALK TOMORROW AFTERNOON?

GRUMBLE







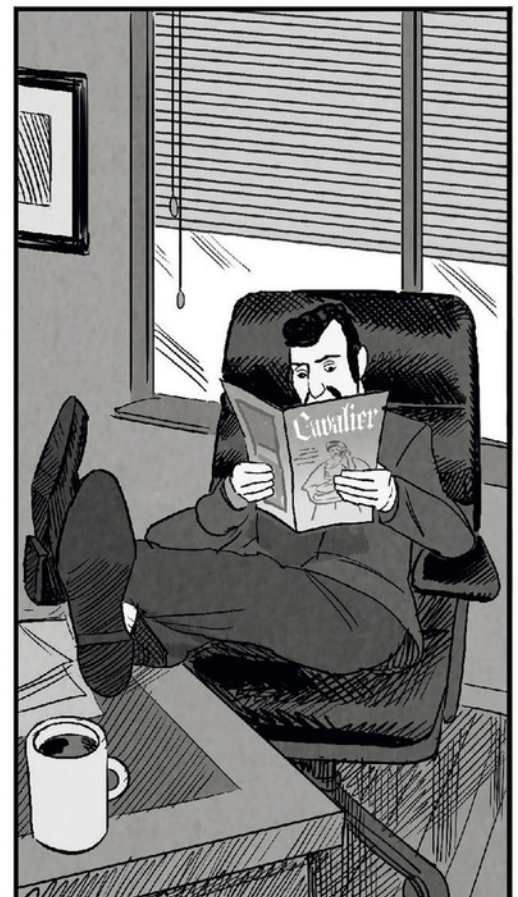














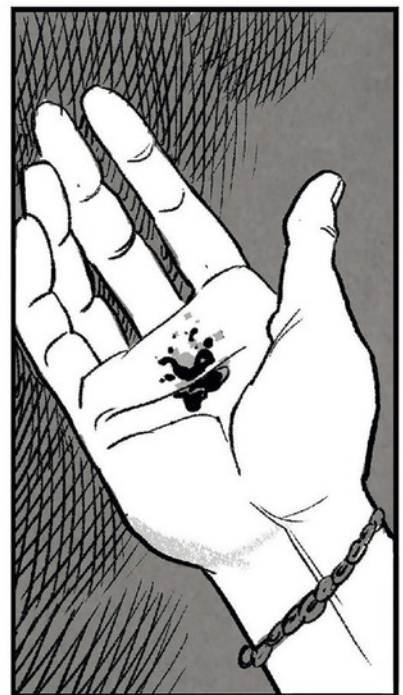
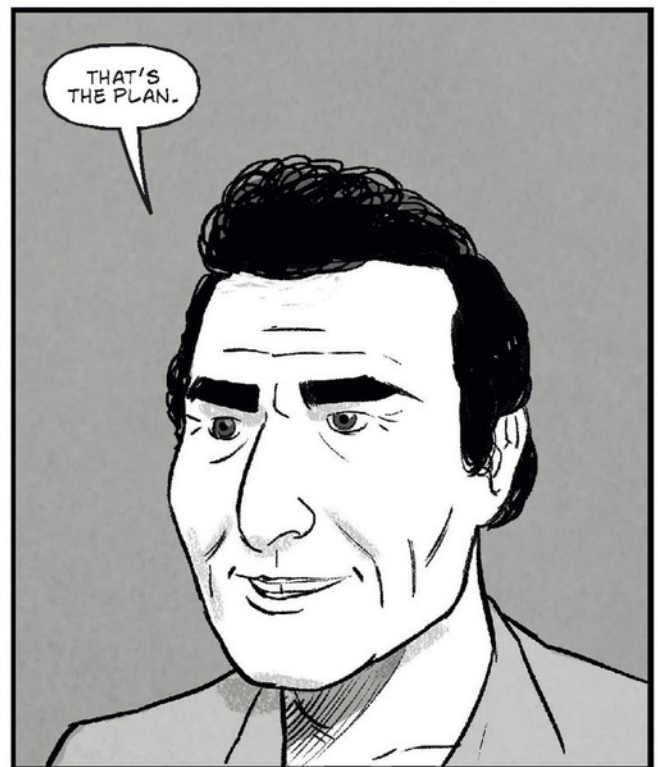




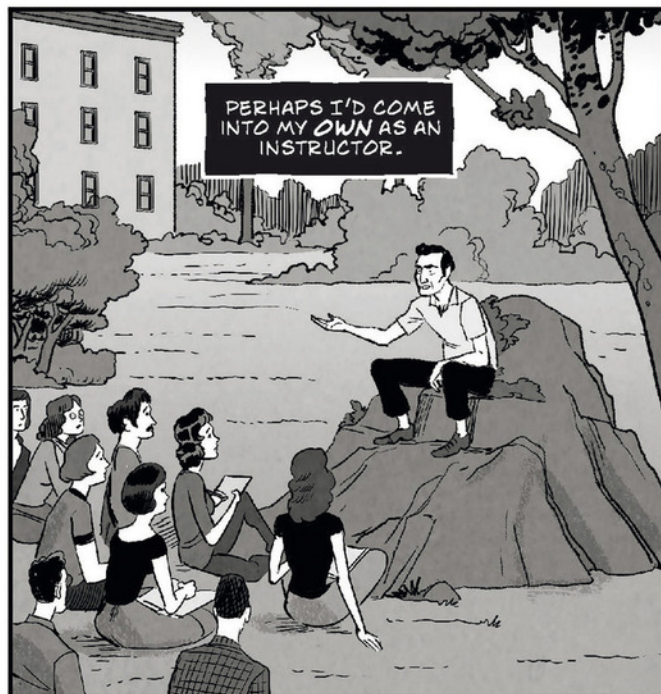
I FOUND MYSELF SPENDING  
MORE AND MORE TIME AT MY  
LAKE HOUSE IN ITHACA.







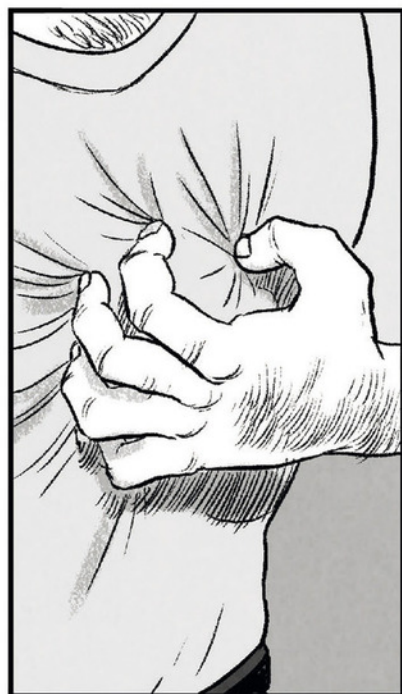




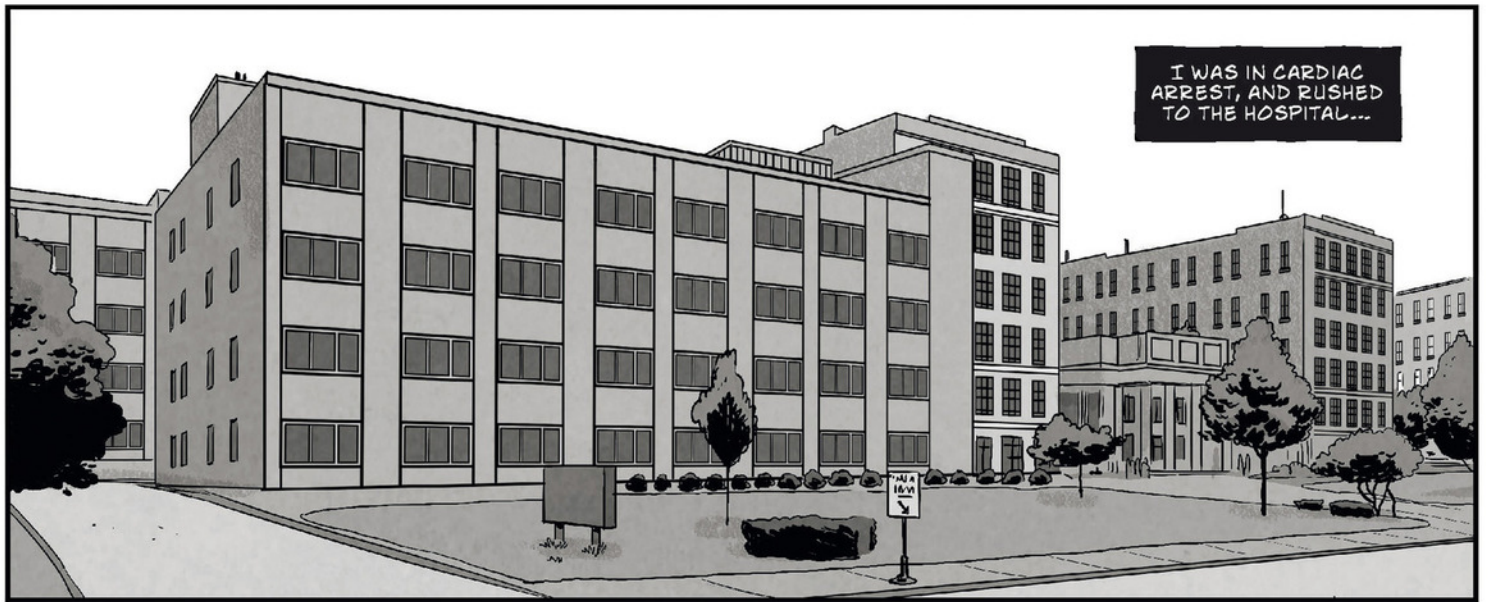












I WAS IN CARDIAC ARREST, AND RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL...



I WAS WATCHING TV LAST NIGHT AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I HEAR YOUR VOICE, THEY HAD "THE HITCH-HIKER" ON!

HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE!



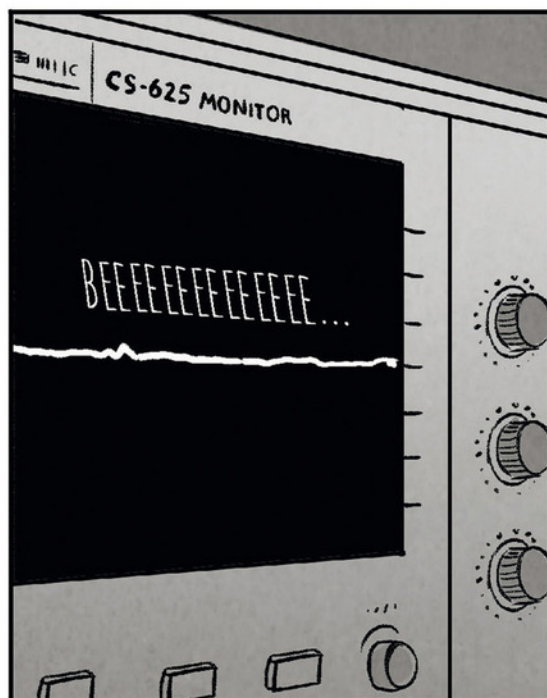
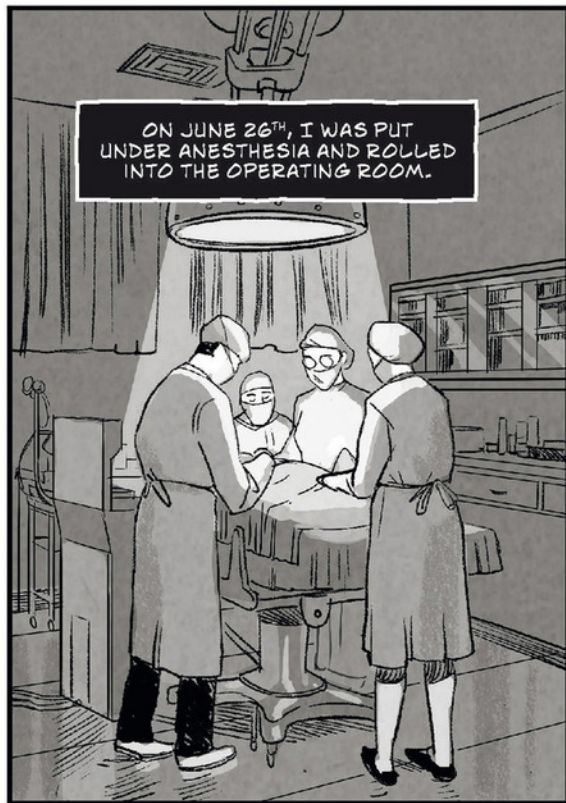
IT'S NOT LOOKING GOOD.



A SECOND, MORE SEVERE HEART ATTACK CAME SEVERAL WEEKS LATER.

THE DOCTORS OPTED FOR OPEN HEART SURGERY, A RELATIVELY NEW, RISKY PROCEDURE.









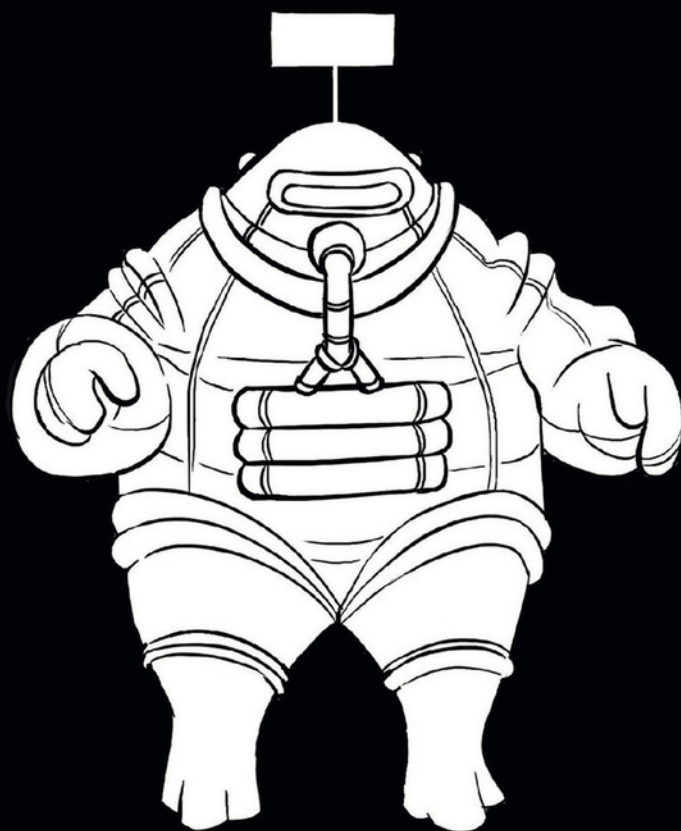
ASK ME A YES  
OR NO QUESTION  
\* Does He/She Love Me?  
\* Will I Become Rich?  
\* Is My Future Bright?

1¢ MYSTIC  
SEER

ASK ME A YES  
OR NO QUESTION  
\* Does He/She Love Me?  
\* Will I Become Rich?  
\* Is My Future Bright?

1¢ MYSTIC  
SEER





# EPILOGUE

















ASK ME A YES  
OR NO QUESTION  
\* Does He/She Love Me?  
\* Will I Become Rich?  
\* Is My Future Bright?

1 MYSTIC  
SEER

ASK ME A YES  
OR NO QUESTION  
\* Does He/She Love Me?  
\* Will I Become Rich?  
\* Is My Future Bright?

1 MYSTIC  
SEER